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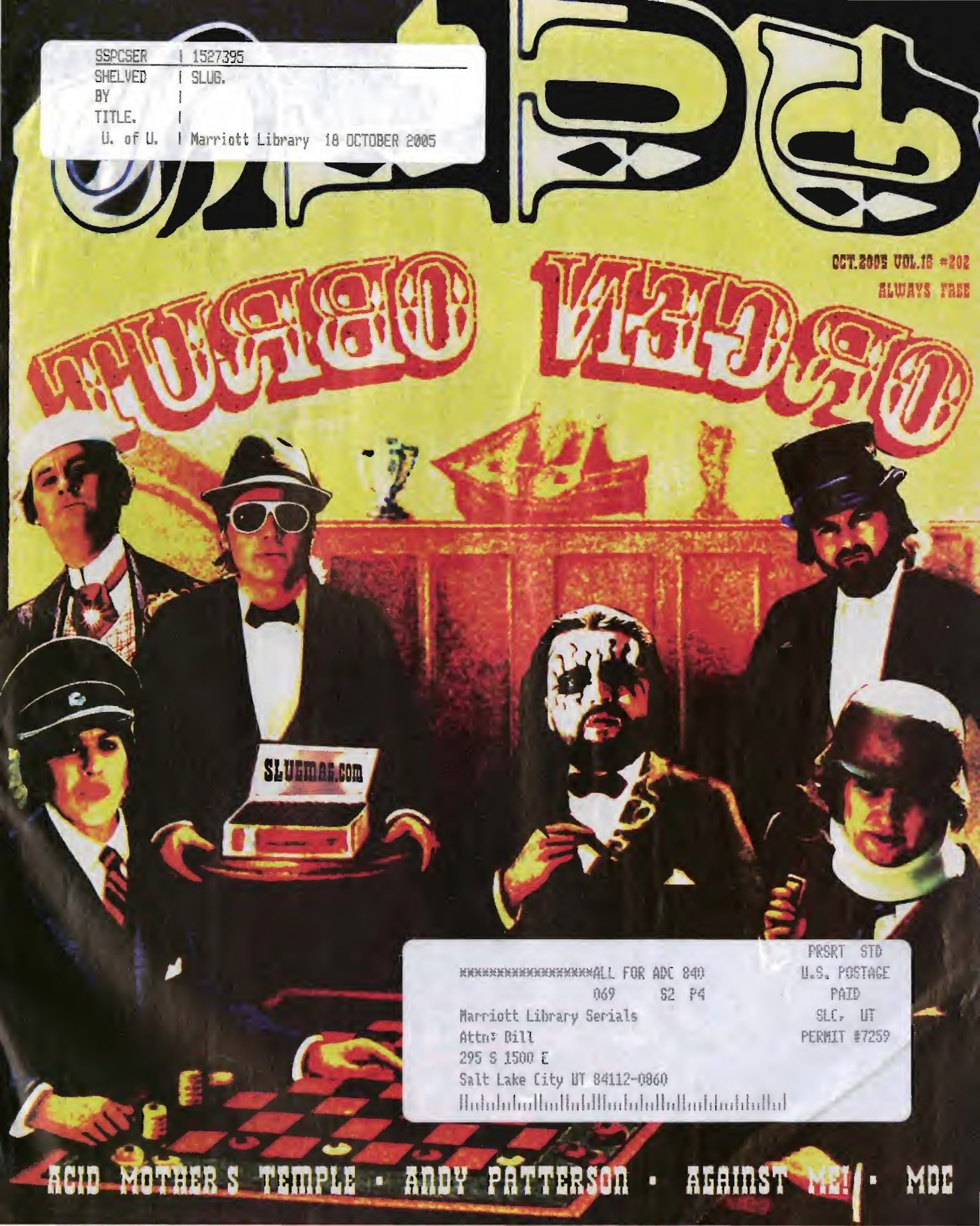
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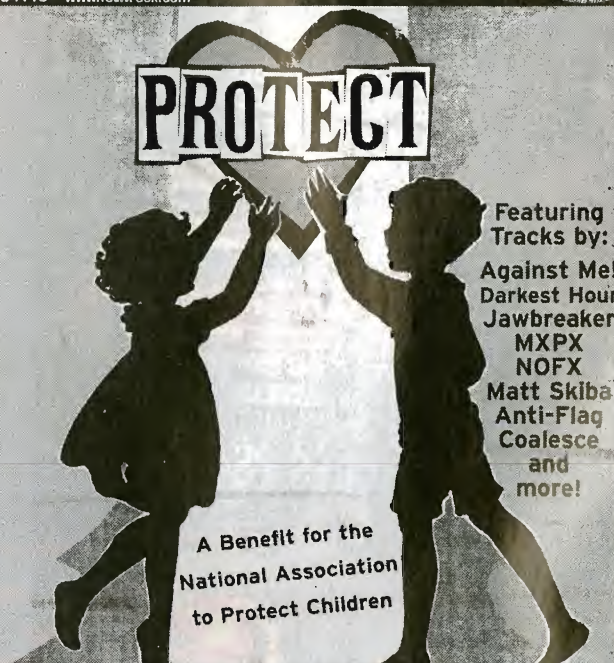


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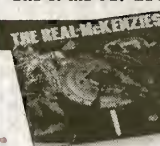
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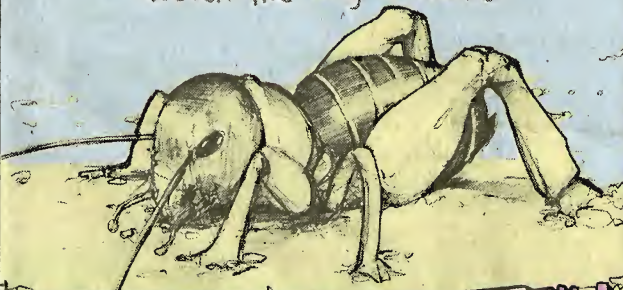
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Street-smart **Shannon Froh**
belongs to an exclusive fac-
tion of behind-the-scene SLUG
Mag workaholics. For three
years now, Ms. Froh has been
marketing & organizing SLUG's
special events, held her title as
SLUG's leading account rep-
resentative, and has recently,
added office coordinator to her
list. A communication's major

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at the U of U, when she is not
pimping SLUG magazine on
every SLC corner, Shannon can
be found serving vegan treats
at *Coffee Under the Bridge*,
getting tattooed at *Goodtimes*
or sharing the A51 dance floor
with her best friend, Ellen.
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Dear Dickheads

Dear Dickheads,
 THIS IS FOR
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Once upon a time there were places like the Moroccan, the DV8 basement; even Kilby Court for that matter. (That is, before the law enforced entanglements were unleashed to stop Phil.) These were sanctuaries where one could go and dance in the name of Art and Life in the delicate rhythm of the cosmos. Music for centuries has induced this kind of behavior. These were sacred places. Where the freaks, geeks, weirdoes, misfits were all "That Guy", because they could care less about appearance and appropriate demeanor under the doleful glares of the disenchanted fashionista brigade. Somehow the coolness cartel took over as the law stepped in and this subculture was forced to resurface, in hopes of a breath of fresh air, but what it got instead was extreme makeover "indie rock" edition!

Complete with camera phone, Ipad, and a way cool myspace account, they march single file to the beat of mediocrity and repetitious unoriginality as they perfectly mess up their hundred dollar hair styles. When at shows, they must uphold the strictest of SIMS persona. You know, incase some one's watching. Hello?

I admit I went a bit far too far at a Vile Blue Shades show in an attempt to shake you from this stupor. Like Rick James said: "Cocaine's a hell of a drug." But, come on people. What happened to the spirit of this place? Think about it: We live in UTAH...

We are all nobodies here, so who cares what anyone thinks? Has this terrorism bullshit and the decay of originality caused this new way of approaching alternative societies, where some of us were while you were still jerking off to Pearl Jam? FUCK THAT!

And fuck this makeshift hipster hierarchy! We're all in this together. I declare Death to Elitism!

Sincerely,
 -"that guy"
 P.S. Truly sorry to the VBS, Froburn and Urban Lounge Staff.

Hey "that guy,"
 What can I say? With such delicately beautiful prose, you have touched the heart of millions everywhere in just the same way that Shirley Temple tap-danced her way into the heart of millions everywhere. Besides your overly purple prose and your ironically hip sense of writing style, I agree with you.

But like most good fairy tales, there is a bit of "untruth" in what you are saying. First off, there are still places where you can act like a fag with other like-minded fairies who want to dance to "the delicate rhythm of the cosmos." Kilby is still kicking it, Lo-Fi has opened its arms, and Ego's is still up and running, to name a few. So where's the beef?

Are you bitching and complaining because you are not as fashionable as the rest of the "beautiful people" that attend shows? Are you bitter inside because you don't quite have that edgy pop-cultural edifice on which to lay your foundation on?

It is quite a shame that, while the rest of your friends are evolving, you are stuck stultified in the putrid mud of obsolete technology. There is a reason for Ipods, MySpace accounts, etc. It is not because they are cool, but because they're convenient. When did convenience and accessibility become crimes, much less something to complain about? It is convenient to have 60 gigs of music at your disposal in an instant. It is convenient to have a MySpace account to advertise your next show, art, or otherwise.

What you mistake for elitism is actually convenience and a well-cultivated sense of style and taste. Just because everyone has it or does it doesn't mean that it is bad. Your bitching and complaining becomes the unfortunate underpass of all dimwitted idiots who feel that society is somehow slighting them. I can hear the crow call now: "God, I don't have an Ipad ... hence it must be eschewed as being an elitist propaganda tool to exclude me!" or another commonly heard refrain: "I can't afford awesome clothing, I care not to dress myself, nor do I have any friends on MySpace ... those things must therefore be awful, and by awful, I mean I don't know how to do any of them. Everyone who uses or buys these things is a terrible human being."

What I suggest as a remedy to all this: Get your head out of your ass and see what the hubbub is all about. Like most calls to arms, this one becomes pitifully ironic. Just because you showed up at a Vile Blue Shades show and didn't have anyone to hang out with, you wave your dick in the air for some attention. Get over yourself and get a life.



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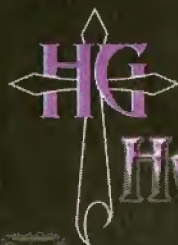
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Local CD Reviews

by Cindi Robinson

Agree or disagree, check it out



Q stands for Q

In Dreams Awake

Recorded at home

Mixed and mastered by Bruce Kirby, Jason McFarland, Hyrum Summerhayes
Eden's Watchtower Records

Q stands for Q = PJ Harvey + Loveage, Belle & Sebastian + and slow Folk Implosion

The recording of this atmospheric two-piece band is nearly flawless. It's loaded with layers of keyboard, acoustic guitar, and ambient background jams. Topped by sexy, ethereal female vocals (Sara Payne) and simple Roger Waters-esque counterparts (Jason McFarland), they deliver a *Mazzy Star* heroin-induced disc fit for the next *David Lynch* downer. Best way to grasp this record is to slip on some headphones while sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. There is a missing element of percussion that would add to the guts of this overall folk/worldly-stylish group. There isn't anything too memorable about these songs as they flow in and out of each other with hook-less beats and empty structure, and it leaves me wanting more. Regardless, I'd sport this album next time I give my man a loving massage.

Glacial

The Captains of Industry

Recorded by Andy Patterson & Glacial

Sickboy Records

Glacial = Firewater + Chris Cornell anything + STP

This full-length is much better than the EP, with an excellent all around recordi

ng (especially guitars), but would add an extra punch in a stoner's face if the drum volume came up. I love the in-the-moment feeling I get when listening to this, which is translated through a Zeppelinish journey. It reminds me of an early, not-as-spacey, *Cave In*. The vocal harmonies could be improved because they weave in and out of tune. The whole band sounds a little loose in the details, spending more time on passion than technicalities. Over time, these guys will nail it and I can't wait to hear the next riffin' record. P.S. The layout is glorious!

Flee the Century

The Border of Light

Recorded by Lee Stoker

Sickboy Records

Flee the Century = Nintendo + Dr. Who + Captured by Robots w/O.G. gruff

This is mainly a vocal-driven band backed by simple *Devo*-style synth and drums. I can imagine the ride I'd have fleeing this century in a Ferrari Testarossa listening to these dudes, but for now a mini-van would suit. The recording is on; little unbalanced in the drums, but still full and rockin'. The tunes sounds timid due to lazy keyboard power, lack of confidence, and cool vocals that carry the band (but don't drive me). I wish you were a little more punk than pop meaning: grab your nuts and rock this shit! Be ballsy and creative, 'cause the blueprints are here.

After the Party

When You're All Alone You Forget Everything You Know

Recorded at home.

After the Party = 1950's sci-fi rock + Emo Phillips

A little bit into this record I thought I was watching *Mighty Wind*. Riddled with tweedly-dee-tweedly-doo saloon emo songs, this is delicious honest rock. Feeble male vocals top quirky piano diddles, eccentric guitar rock, and fabulous Theremin loops. I can respect this we need more Theremin. Great home recording too, with a good vintage sound that's not pretentious. All in all, the vulnerable delivery would most be fitting at an after party with *Wes Anderson*.

Fail to Follow

For The Dead, The Dying, and Those Still Fighting

Recorded by Matt Winegar

Sub-parcore Records

Fail to Follow = H2O + Face to Face + AFI + Strung Out

If you're a fan of post-hardcore, you're gonna love this band. Full of heart pounding, blood bearing, riot rock, this album has great song-writing vocal and a tight presentation, but sadly, nothing that sounds original. A very radio-ready recording full of compression and clarity, I feel as if dynamics were sacrificed for overall loudness. Chuga chugal

Conspiracy Freak

Daylight in the Swamps

Recorded by Dale Deavers

Conspiracy Freak = Beck + Type-O-Negative, Cracker + groove and bump, Sublime

I'm a little confused by these guys. Listening to this 14-song release sounds like two different bands competing for playing time. On one side of the spectrum, you have charming, aboriginal beats, and the other, tuneless backwoods kazoo-tracks. The best thing about the band is the DJing, which is very hypnotic and droning. I believe they're a little misguided. Maybe they should study some *Kid Rock* on how to combine soul with country. They've got all the rhythm, but no flow. They should practice singing on-key as well. The recording is a bit unstable adding to the divide in performances. Track #9, "Lil' Martian" could be a great path to follow to a future *Ween*-ish-wonderland. Be clearer in what style of music you're after and my tits will get bigger.

Localized

By Chuck Berrett

iglu1976@yahoo.com

This interview was conducted via e-mail.

SLUG: How long have you been together as a band?

ZERO: When lightning shattered the tranquility of a Satanic ritual in 2002, the cascading evil vibration sent out into the atmosphere sparked a fire within the brains of three young men. Diemonsterdie was born. We started out as a 3-piece band and we quickly released our first album, *What is Shall Always Be*. In 2003 we'd added a second guitarist, LaVerne LaVey, and also released our second album *Honor Thy Dead*. In 2004, LaVerne was gone and we joined forces with guitarist Mercury Rising, who has seen us through for the release of our latest album, *Only The Dead Will Survive*.

SLUG: What movies play in your brain while writing your music?

ZERO: We are inspired by horror and the culture that has formed around it. Frankenstein's monster and the whole reanimation concept are compelling. Something about the dead rising, depending on the point of view, resonates in everyone. When writing our material, we tend to pull from horror movies or 50s sci-fi, but it's rarely movie-specific. One exception would be our song "Dead Alive" which is that movie in a nutshell.

SLUG: Have you toured outside of Utah? If so, does that include Ogden and Provo?

ZERO: horror festival biggest toilet, ripped off end, losing most of our played the regalia! We shows in Provo areas, people there comprised of local of town, forget it. shut us down because the shows in those towns are a different story, however; they go over much better than the club gigs.

**SLUG Mag's
Localized
The Urie Circle,
Twilight Transmissions,
Die Monster Die
10/14 10 P.M.
The Urban Lounge**

Diemonsterdie played a in the American west's Las Vegas. We got twice in one week- all our guitars and gear, but we still show in full fucking have played club both the Ogden and and have decided that only attend shows acts. If you are from out Provo police decibel-readers drums were too loud. The all-ages shows in those towns are a different story, however; they go over much better than the club gigs.

SLUG: What are the names of the monsters/musicians in DMD? What powers does each individual possess?

ZERO: DieMonsterDie is composed of the following handsome devils: Zero Delorean: special power - Vulcan Death Grip (AKA One-Thumb or the Spock Pinch); Meatwhistle: special power - Psychic Bullshit Detector; Mercury Rising: special power - Financial Independence; Raven Blades: special power - Man of 1,000 Faces.

SLUG: What antics can we expect at a DMD show?

ZERO: Typical live antics at a Diemonsterdie show include, but are not limited to: lots of blood, satanic imagery, a turquoise blue rotary telephone, souvenir custom severed baby heads hand-painted by the band, an appreciative attitude toward audience participation, atmospheric lighting and synchronized guitar flourishing. Our straight-ahead rock sound is not to be trifled with.

SLUG: What message do you have to the zillions & trillions around the world who read SLUG?

ZERO: There is a monster in every single one of you; let him out! Ask your local music stores to carry Doctor Cyclops Records releases available through **Cargo Distribution!**

SLUG

Join the World Horror Network! Go to www.worldhorrornetwork.com

Twilight Transmissions is:
Chris Alvarado- Everything

I was supposed to meet Chris Alvarado at *The Coffee Garden* one evening, but when I got there, I realized I had no idea what this guy looked like and vice-versa. Finally, a stocky, clean-cut guy in dark sunglasses asked me if I was who I am and I was completely honest when I said, "Yeah, that's me." He sat down, and before we even got started, he handed me the new Twilight Transmissions disc *The Faces Of Zazen* and said, "I don't know if it's what you're into, but here you go."

Immediately I liked this 'down-to-Earth' guy. He was soft-spoken, sat up straight, took his sunglasses off when



Photo: Ruby Claire

he spoke to me, and just seemed more genuine than most musicians I've ever met (myself included).

In description of his music he said, "I would probably say it's noise. Electronic noise. I love noise because there are no boundaries to it. I used to draw quite a bit and noise was the best thing to listen to while doing it. I can do it by myself; I don't have to rely on anyone else to make or perform the music."

The Faces Of Zazen is his second record under the Twilight Transmissions moniker. His first album is now out-of-print. They were both released on **Novaone Productions**; a label that Alvarado started and completely controls himself.

He has been playing shows for nearly 20 years. He started playing punk rock around town in the 80s and shared the stage with bands such as **Dag Nasty** and **Government Issue** with his then-band, **Harsh Reality**. He is also a member of local project **23 Ecstasy**. The transformation from playing rock guitar to noise wasn't only one of style, but of medium altogether. I asked him what kind of instruments he incorporates.

"I have my main programming; I have tapes that I manipulate. I use more vocal effects than anything vocally, and the lyrics that I do use are all in Spanish," he said.


Alvarado has sessioned and embarked on numerous recording and performance projects with musicians both local and from abroad in his career thus far, and explained that he intends to continue doing so. The nice thing about Twilight Transmissions is that it calls on no particular group of listeners. I immediately listened to the CD he gave me, and it really has no boundaries. From up-tempo electro-noise cut-and-paste tracks to long, bass-heavy distortion dizziness, it is a mixed palette of sound.

DieMonsterDie are:
Zero Delorean: Vocals & Guitar
Meatwhistle: Drums & Back-ups
Mercury Rising: Guitar & Back-ups
Raven Blades: Bass & Back-ups




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Are Anarchists Touchy?

Yes, we are.

An interview with

By Nate Martin

Tom Gabel of Against Me!



And why shouldn't we be? Especially in a country where people throw around phrases like, "The only two certainties in life are death and taxes," without realizing how absolutely pathetic it is. Witnessing the everyday absurdity of people unquestioningly flushing themselves through the structured power trades of society; and realizing how absolutely illogical it all seems is enough to make anyone antsy and suspicious. I prodded **Tom Gabel**, Against Me's singer/guitarist, about his politics, and he got a bit defensive. He explained later that he has a tendency of doing that when talking politics with someone he doesn't know. I have a tendency to offend people who don't know me. Coupling us together results in something like this conversation:

SLUG: I've read you're an anarchist. How's that working out for you?

Tom Gabel: Works out just fine [immediate defensive tone].

SLUG: Is that a state of existence or a state of mind?

TG: It's a political view. It means that I recognize no authority but my own authority.

SLUG: Isn't authority a good thing?

TG: I do not think so. No.

SLUG: Why not?

TG: [quick retort] Why don't you tell me why it's a good thing?

SLUG: Everybody seems to be into it, entering into the social contract where they agree to be governed by... [cut off]

TG: I never entered into a social contract where I agreed to be governed.

SLUG: True, but a lot of people seem to agree. Why should you be any different?

TG: That's a pretty lame thing to say, that "Everybody agrees to something so why should you be any different?"

SLUG: Being opposed to authority would have to alter your state of existence somewhat.

TG: I recognize that there are people out there that have put themselves into a position where they're trying to command authority, and I recognize that there are certain situations when you have to pick your battles, like if you get pulled over by a cop and the cop is telling you to do something. You can either do what he wants or try to fight him on it. Unfortunately, the way the world is today, you have to make choices and you have to make compromises like that. It's survival.

SLUG: Obviously the lifestyle that you've chosen for yourself has to reflect, at least in part, those views.

TG: Definitely. I was told pretty frequently while I was growing up that you had to get a job and you had to work and you had to do this or that but I just really wanted to play music so that's what I'm doing.

SLUG: Considering your views, if you thought, "I really want to go to school and learn about business and get an office job" and end up doing that, would you consider yourself any less of an anarchist?

TG: Oh no, if I was born with that as my natural passion then definitely not. I'm not trying to be a musician to fuel a political agenda. I've wanted to play guitar and be in a band since I was in the third grade. It's always what I've been drawn to and interested in and I just also happen to feel this way politically as well. I think it

would be just as valid to be a doctor and be an anarchist.

SLUG: So when you're singing about anarchism you're just singing about yourself and not trying to further a purpose?

TG: Well no, there's definitely an innate purpose in making music and in making art. You're trying to record a period of time in history, even if that's just from your own small perspective. You're trying to relate to people—trying to get across a message so people can be like, "Hey, I think that way too and all this time I thought I was alone." You're also trying to provide some enjoyment for people and give them something that's entertaining.

SLUG: So the ideas come first and the music comes second. Once you've already expressed that music or those... [cut off]

TG: Wait, what do you mean by the ideas come first and the music comes second?

SLUG: Well you're an anarchist, or you have whatever views—anarchism, loving Chihuahuas, whatever—then you express those... [cut off]

TG: That's really condescending. Why are you saying that like that?

SLUG: I'm not trying to be condescending. I apologize.

TG: Well it's kind of condescending, saying, "Well you have whatever views, anarchy, loving Chihuahuas..."

SLUG: Is anarchy an elevated view?

TG: It's just really belittling the way you're talking about me right now in this interview.

SLUG: I'm not trying to be belittling to you. I'm just trying to say things to you that make you say good things that I can write down in my article. I apologize if I seem belittling. I'm not trying to be.

TG: [quietly] Okay.

[awkward pause]

SLUG: What I was trying to say was [at this point trying to be as sensitive as possible], when you record something and put it out in the world, do you look back at that five years later and feel obligated to live up to what you said then?

TG: [quietly to the point of timidity] What do you mean? I feel like I've lived up to everything that I've ever said in a song.

SLUG: No [frustrated at continued misunderstanding], I was just asking if you thought that was important.

TG: I think it's very important.

[awkward pause]

SLUG: Wow. You've caught me off guard. I hate to offend and have you think I'm a jerk or something.

TG: [quietly, almost bashful] Don't sweat it dude, we're cool.

At this point I realized that I had, once again, unintentionally upset someone by spouting off at the mouth and that I was probably going to get hung-up-on if I kept it up, so I decided to cool it with the politics and move on to another topic. The rest of the interview was fine.

Against Me! is a punk band from Gainesville, Florida who just came out with a new album on **Fat Wreck Chords** called *Searching for a Former Clarity*. Here's a profile of Tom Gabel's thoughts on various matters I asked him about:

CBGB's eviction:

Venues close. Bands break up. Why should that one be different from other ones? I hope it stays open, but if it doesn't, it's not the end of the world. There's certainly more important things happening right now. We just played a benefit show for hurricane relief, which I consider a million times more important than the benefit we played for **CBGB's**.

Their current fifty state tour:

We were talking to this booking agent one time in her office and on her wall she had this framed picture of Metallica standing in front of a crowd and around the picture there were all these ticket stubs from the tour they did for Ride the Lightning or And Justice For All or something like that. She told us the story how Lars had insisted on doing a fifty state tour, and all the hassle she went through to do this fifty-state tour because it had to be a fifty-state tour. And I was like, "That's awesome. I want to do that."

Writing political songs:

It's hard to write a song that's effective in saying something when you don't want to sound preachy and you don't want to sound arrogant, but still have it be a meaningful song that has a purpose. It's also kind of hard, too, because I think that there's a lot of bands that write overtly political songs with a real, to-the-point message, and even when that's a simple thing like "fuck authority" or something like that, I feel like a lot of times when you use certain words like that it ends up killing the meaning behind those words, leaving them meek and powerless.

Quitting drinking:

It's been nine months since I've drank. It was kind of a weaning process. I quit drinking and I was smoking a lot of pot to compensate for that and then I quit smoking pot and I was drinking a lot of coffee to compensate for that and then I kind of quit that, at least quit doing that to an excessive amount to where I was using it as a crutch. I'm a really high strung person and I probably need a drink more than any man has ever needed a drink. I have so many friends that have come up to me and said, "I liked you so much better when you were trashed."

Not having a home:

I actually put all my stuff in storage and I got out of the lease in the house I was renting, so I technically don't have a home right now—I'm just kind of on tour. When I come back from tour, and when I'm in Gainesville, I feel really alienated. I don't feel like I really fit in. That makes me think that, "Gainesville probably isn't my home if I feel this way here, and I don't have a house here or anything." So that's why I extended on to, "Okay, Florida's my home" because I feel such an affinity with Florida. But I don't know if that's necessarily true in the long run either.

Against Me! will be at the Lo-Fi Café with Smoke or Fire, The Epoxies and the Soviettes on Oct. 11. *Searching for a Former Clarity* is out now.

SLUG

Against Me!
with **Smoke or Fire,**
The Epoxies and the
Soviettes
Oct. 11.
Lo-Fi Café

A PLACE IN SPACE: INTERFERENCE: ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE

Erik@slugmag.com

By Erik Lopez

DESCEND ON SLUG

Under the auspices of the **Soul Collective**, (a group of excluded non-mainstream musicians from Japan) Acid Mothers Temple took form in the mid-90s, 1995 to be exact. Acid Mothers Temple & the Paraiso U.F.O. was just one manifestation of the Collective and ended effectively after the fall tour of 2004. From the ashes of their demise came Acid Mothers Temple and the Cosmic Inferno. They play what they call "trip rock," not to be confused with psychedelic rock, which is completely different. Now, after 10 years in the making, Acid Mothers Temple are landing in the Great Salt Lake to play their first show in the Promised Land. While I wasn't able to sit down and have a man-to-man talk with the Collective's leader, **Kawabata Makoto**, I was able to send him my specific inquiries by inconveniencing a few electrons ... what returned were lucid and exciting responses in otherworldly ways!

SLUG: Besides having more than an interest in UFOs, are there any other Metaphysical entities that have caught your eye?

Kawabata Makoto:

It has already been scientifically proven that the influenza virus is, strictly speaking, a space virus that was able to enter the earth's atmosphere through the weak points in the ozone layer near the North Pole. I am pretty contemptuous of those scientists who try to prove the existence of life by the presence of the elements which are essential to it on earth (oxygen and carbon). There may be organisms that can exist in the absence of oxygen, and there may be also organisms that do not reflect light (and are therefore invisible). Trying to apply the rules of life on earth to the rest of the universe is no different to the medieval Catholic cosmology. For all we know, the influenza virus may have arrived here centuries ago with the intention of conquering the planet. I don't think that we need suppose that extraterrestrial beings will always arrive here in some kind of spaceship. If the influenza virus takes colonisation to mean the creation of influenza immunity in our bodies, then it has already succeeded in colonising the earth.

SLUG: What sort of philosophies do you entertain or live your life by? I am thinking of one philosophy you talked about, mainly that Rock is a way of life ... could you elaborate on that more?

KM: For me Rock means far more than just rock music in its narrowest sense. Rock is a way of life, and that in itself is the AMT slogan. Do whatever you want, Don't do whatever you don't want! Another favorite slogan of mine is "no hope." Hope is an attitude of expectation towards an as yet unexperienced future. However, those kinds of expectations are almost always doomed to be betrayed, or the results will be less than you had expected. Even if you have hopeful expectations, if you stint upon the effort needed to

produce that result, it is only natural that you will be happy with the result. To still have hope even when you know deep in your heart that you are not putting in enough effort is a part of human weakness. It's clear to me that hope can only ever lead to greater or lesser disappointment. I believe that only about 10 percent of anything we hoped for, no matter what the area, ever comes to pass. But because you hoped for so much more, even that 10 percent that did come to pass seems like a disappointing result. That's the basis of my 'no hope' philosophy. Because I hoped for nothing from the beginning, even a result of 10% feels can said to be a great success to me. Hope always breeds disappointment. Which is why I never hope, why I never regret the past or worry about the future. Living in the moment is all. And my rule for living is 'Do whatever you want, Don't do whatever you don't want!'

SLUG: What are some of your favorite books? In a past interview you mentioned having read historical novels and biographies on famous people...

KM: Ha ha ha. I read biographies of famous people when I was kid, between the ages of seven and ten. I really liked the biographies of politicians and generals. Those of **Nobunaga Oda** (a Japanese shogun), **Napoleon** and **Hitler** etc appealed to me the most. I would read about how these dictators all failed with their dreams half-realized, and I dreamed of becoming a dictator myself - except I would not repeat their mistakes. I started reading these biographies because my mother got tired of me constantly reading **Manga** and she started buying biographies for me to learn something from. That led to the birth of a child who dreamt of becoming

a dictator - maybe she should have let me stick with the **Manga**. I forgot that childhood dream when I encountered music. I used to love reading and would read everything. At one period, I read lots of foreign literature, but I came to realise that I should really read it in the original if I wanted to appreciate it fully, so now I read much less foreign literature. I still love lots of Japanese literature, particularly that from the late 19th century up to the 1950s, because the literary style of this period are really beautiful. In terms of literary genres, I like fantasy and detective novels. Many of them I read over and over again. There are too many favourite authors to mention, but here are just a few: **Kobo Abe**, **Shiro Kunieda**, **Seishi Yokomizo**, **Ranpo Edogawa**, **Kyusaku Yumeno**, **Futaro Yamada**. I am also a huge fan of the uniquely written erotic literature of **Koichiro Ueda**.



Acid Mothers
Temple
10.06.2005 9pm
Ego's

Acid Mothers Temple play on October 6 at Ego's. **SLUG**

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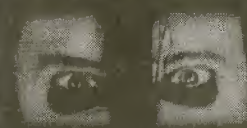
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Shadow Project

And Then There Was Death (DVD)

MVD

Shadow Project = gothic subculture + pure 70s punk & glam

Street: 07.12

And Then There Was Death is a strangely hallucinatory experience. At least three different live appearances make up the live footage, often weaved on top of each other. It discards time, various line-up changes and ultimately it makes little difference because you find the only person you're watching is **Rozz Williams**. Certainly there is some gothic rock royalty in the various line-ups: **Eva O** bows her guitar, **William Faith** bounces about and pin-up **Paris** tends to look as bored as a zombie behind his keyboard. But Rozz, he was always sort of an enigma, even more so than your typical cultural icon. I always saw him as someone gentle who had a lot of violence inside of him. A few have referred to Rozz as the Kurt Cobain of gothic rock and I've can't say I'm exactly comfortable with the comparison but it does seem to fit on the surface. I was never a devotee, would hardly call myself a fan even though over the years I've owned many Rozz William albums. I was an interested bystander who saw a tragic character driven to reach his end. **Shadow Project** was Rozz's strongest, albeit most straightforward, project following his departure from **Christian Death** and their strength is well represented from the grind of "Here and There" to the final notes of Bowie's "Holy Holy." The footage isn't pristine, the sound isn't brilliant (often cavernous) but all of that seems lost in the performance. Sadly the bonus features are slight, a brief interview and a clip of spoken word with a gallery of photos showing only a brief moment of the person behind the performer.

Cut Copy

Bright Like Neon Love

Modular

Street: 05.18.04

Cut Copy = Daft Punk + Kraftwerk

Look, I know the album is a year old, but still it popped up in my box, seeing as Cut Copy have landed an opening slot with **Franz Ferdinand** on their U.S. tour. So here we are: *Bright Like Neon Love*. Caught somewhere between the late 90s and the disco sway of guitars, just a few steps left of a **Gary Numan** record mashed into a mel-anchoy **Kool & the Gang**, it sounds like the sort of music **The Scissor Sisters** would listen to when they unwind. But to call this a generic chillout record would be a disservice. Cut Copy: not nearly as funky as an old **Saint Etienne** single but pretty close.

The Lovetones

Meditations

Tee Pee

Street: 10.13

The Lovetones = 60s psychedelia + everything worthwhile since.

Matthew J Tow (formerly of **Drop City** and briefly **Brian Jonestown Massacre**) kicks off The Lovetones' second album with "Mantra"; a track that recalls the finer days of **The Dandy Warhols** merged with the lyricism and subject matter of fellow Australians **The Church**. This proves to be a sign of things to come, although not in the way you might expect. *Meditations* is an album full of mixed influences. You'll find **The Doves** mixed in with a Motown hook on "(I Gotta) Feel" before diving deep into **The Beatles'** psychedelic experimentation with a hint of **Bowie** on "Stars". That's just the first three songs. Later you'll hear a touch of **The Doors**, some **Elliot Smith**, and a large amount of LSD-inspired treachery. If this doesn't sound appealing to you, it should. Where less talented musicians might stumble in

their tributes, **Tow & Co.** excel with pleasant melodies and simple, yet effective lyrics.

Echo & the Bunnymen

Siberia

Cooking Vinyl

Street: 09.20

Echo & the Bunnymen = abundance of confidence + subtle textures + Post-Punk Pop Bliss

When **Ian McCulloch** and **Will Sergeant** resurrected the Bunnymen, the world expected a masterpiece à la *Ocean Rain* or *Heaven Up Here*. The world would have to wait through two decent, yet underachieving albums before finally getting *Flowers*. Hollywood would have ended the story there, maybe allowing for the career-celebrating live album that followed, but certainly scrolling the credits before anyone had the chance to screw it all up. What does Hollywood know? Nothing. *Siberia*, like its predecessor, is full of the grandeur (part anthem, part ballad) that **Coldplay** lifted. Ian's vocal and Will's guitar egging each other on with the sort of swagger you'd expect from well-aged fighters. You could pin the songs on a wall and throw darts to pick the next single. "Stormy Weather" or "All Because of You Days," it really doesn't matter. I'm not going to call *Siberia* perfect, but I've yet to really find any flaws. I suppose you could complain that it sounds too much like a Bunnymen album. But it's such a good Bunnymen album.

Leiahdorus

Parallel Universe

A Different Drum

Street: 09.06

Leiahdorus = Anything Box + De/Vision

I've never been overly crazy about American synthpop. I guess you could call me an elitist for preferring the prevailing darkness that haunts European electronic music (and I'm not just talking the harder-hitting industrial or EBM). Nonetheless, having been quite taken by Leiahdorus' live set at this year's Synthpop Festival, I was more than anxious to give them a more focused listening. One listen and I set it aside. The pianos, which had dominated the live mix, were submerged beneath the electronic wash. The charm was lost; or so it would seem. I returned to the album, forgetting any preconceived notions or desires. In truth, mixing issues aside, *Parallel Universe* is quite good. Rather than relying on big beats and fancy analog bubbling, Leiahdorus are more concerned with structure and depth. Yes, there is a rather optimistic tone in the music, the piano parts are very reminiscent of **Coldplay's** *Rush of Blood* ... which I quite like in this context, but like **Erasure**, the music is deceptive, hiding the more moody subject matter of the lyric. Even the lingering female vocal that drifts here and there plays out like a sad whisper. Strangely, over the past few weeks, I've become more and more certain that *Parallel Universe* is the best American synthpop release since **Anything Box's** heyday in the mid-90s. It isn't necessarily a club release, although there is plenty of dancing to be found within. The charm wasn't lost at all; I just had to find it again. Might I suggest an acoustic album? It worked brilliantly for **De/Vision**.

SMG



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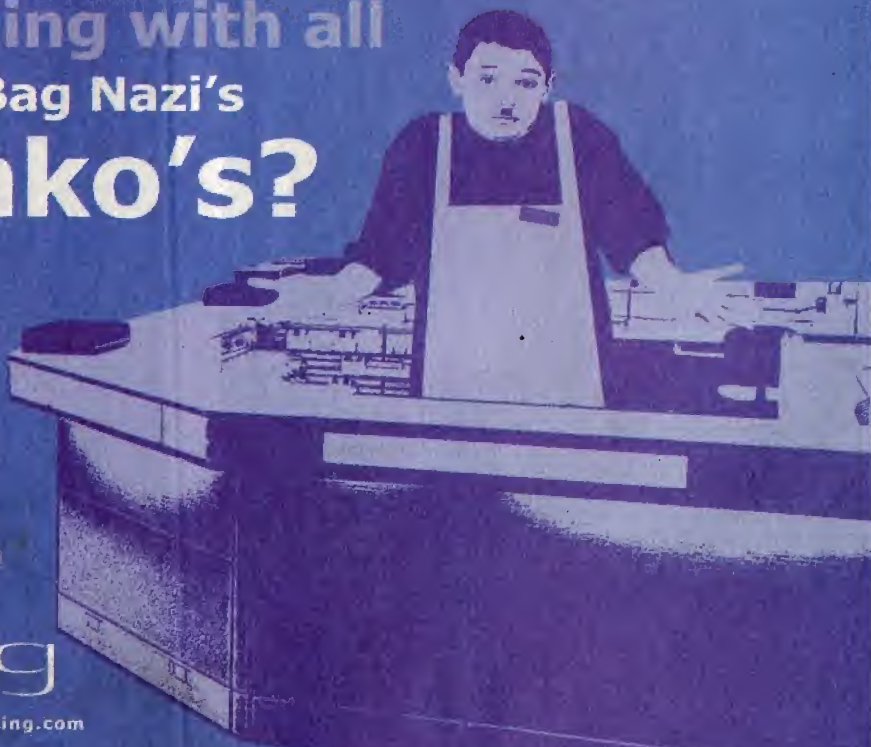
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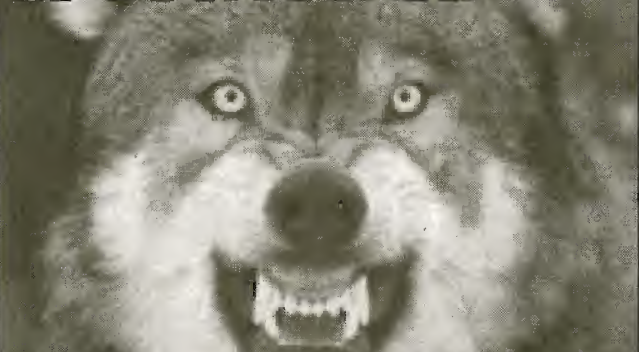
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OCTOBER 29TH HALLOWEEN SPECTACULAR!



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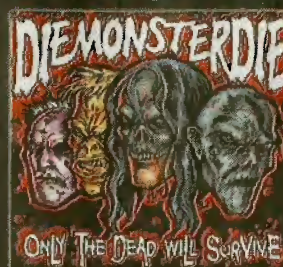
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OCTOBER SHOWS

Michale Graves

(former MISFITS)

Burt's Tiki Lounge

October 11th @ 9pm

LFD, DMD

Slug Localized

DMD, Twilight Industries

Urban Lounge

October 14th @ 9pm

LFD

DEAD PETS

Left For Dead

Burt's Tiki Lounge

October 20th @ 10pm

HALLOWEEN BASH

Costume party

DMD, Left For Dead,

Hellbound Saints

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by amy spencer
oneamyseven@komuandzero.net

A post-apocalyptic wreck-
age of electronic debris and
Industrial remains for a
reconstructed world.

As if the Halloween festivities are not enough, October 2005 will go down in history for having the most goth/industrial shows in a single month in the SLC. Wednesday, Oct. 12, Metropolis act **Mindless Self Indulgence** stops at the *Lo-Fi Café* on their *You'll Rebel to Anything Tour*. **SLUG's Localized** will showcase **Die Monster Die** with **Twilight Transmissions** on Friday, Oct. 14. Plan your night well because you'll want to rock out with your goth out at **The Cruxshadows, Ego Likeness** and **Redemption** show at *Area 51* on that same night. **Genitorturers** whip the locals into shape with their risqué stage show on Monday, Oct. 17 at *Club Vegas*. Don't wear yourself out just yet. **Terrorfakt, E-Craft** and **Mono No Aware** are going to do some damage with harsh rhythm-noise and EBM on Tuesday, Oct. 18 at *Club Vegas*. Friday, Oct. 21 is the **Brainwash Cinema Halloween Ball** at *The Murray Theater* with the final show of **Little Sap Dungeon**, the first performance in two years from **Boundless** as well as performances from **Twilight Transmissions** and **The Convention**. I encourage you to go to as many as possible; lack of support will lead to a drought in shows; and that makes baby Jesus cry.

Also, tickets are on sale for the **Revolting Cocks** and **Ministry** show for May 14th at *The Velvet Room*. Yes, I just mentioned a show for May of 2006. Yes, I will mention it again in April.

K.M.F.D.M.
Hau Ruck
Metropolis Records
Street: 09.13

KMFDM = Sasha Konietzko + rock star guitar + slutty vocals
Guitars and female vocals are at the top of my list of things I hate in industrial. It takes a special act to get away with it, and KMFDM gets by with the skin of their teeth to make them a guilty pleasure. This act has been around for just over 20 years now, and either you love the old stuff and hate the new or vice-versa. I hate the guy/girl that says, "I'm old-school," but I have to be that guy/girl here. **Hau Ruck** has a going-back-to-our-roots feeling, and even Sascha Konietzko admits to exchanging his new gear with the analog stuff for a fresh approach. I have mixed feelings about these acts that adjust their sound to appeal to a larger audience. KMFDM is a "career" band who survive by making music and I can't fault them for that, but they managed to lose fans, such as myself, along the way. Since the 1995 release of *Nihil*, I have yet to fall back in love with one of my early industrial favorites. **Hau Ruck** is for the casual industrial/metal/novelty listener, not for prissy music snobs who write about Industrial music.

Negative Format
Moving Past the Boundaries
Metropolis Records
Street: 09.27

Negative Format = Lassigue Bendthaus + Trance - redundancy
Negative Format has always stood out among the clutter of EBM wannabe's and clichéd Industrial acts. Solid techno and EBM melodies laced with hypnotic trance are not only unique, but hold a quality that so many musicians lack regardless of the genre. This time the tempo's are less throbbing and female vocals make for a nice swirly-girly touch on "Sustain" and "Centralized". Like **Delerium**, Negative Format mixes danceable yet soothing blends of female vocals for dreamy moods while not sacrificing a masculine sound. In the Negative Format tradition, minimal usage of vocals and samples level out to focus on the crisp quality of electronics on *Moving Past the Boundaries*. Negative Format is on my top ten list of underrated acts that everyone should be listening to.

Funker Vogt
Navigator
Metropolis
Street: 09.05
Funker Vogt = War + Natural Disaster + Formulated beats & chants

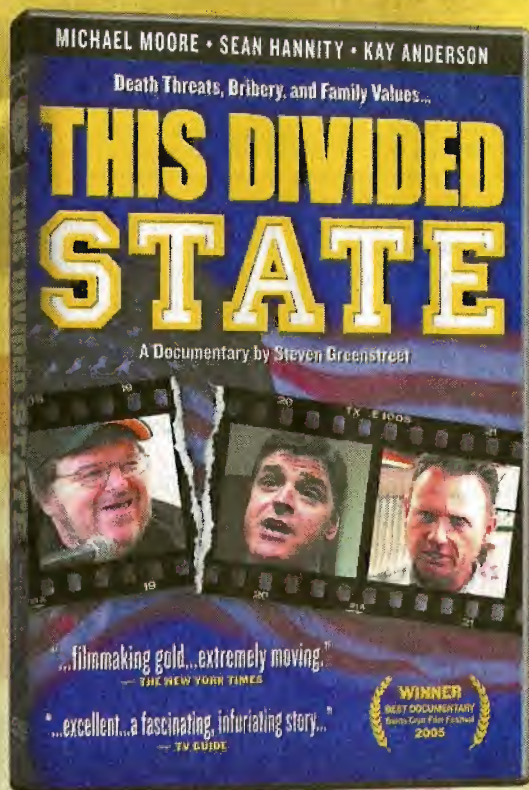
Three years would give any musician time to reevaluate themselves, make changes, improvements and to evolve into a new and better entity. That wasn't the case with Funker Vogt. After the *Execution Tracks* it went downhill, but then *Survivor* hit and it didn't seem like the painted-into a corner sound could get worse. As expected, war and natural disasters only fueled their inspiration to rehash what they had already done – again. Negativity aside, there are a couple of catchy songs, like "Fallen Hero" and "Thoughts of a Soldier." But when lyrics start, "They call me a tragic hero..." I just want to shake them and say, "enough already". **Navigator** is a slight improvement of the past, but Funker Vogt needs to learn to do something new and not keep on making the same song over and over.

Lexincrypt
This Descent
DSBP
Street: 09.06

Lexincrypt = An ex-Modus Operandi writer + Hocico + hate x 100
A very long three years has passed since *My Sepulture* came out and the long-awaited *This Descent* is now a reality. Was it worth the wait? Absolutely. Just when you thought Lexincrypt couldn't get any darker, he did. One fan even confesses that he cannot listen to this music in the fall and winter months due to Seasonal Affective Disorder and the possibility of Lexincrypt just sending him over the edge. Is that a compliment? "Beginning of the End" and "One Way to Escape" are deceptive with beautifully evil and catchy melodies to kick off the album. Once "Crawlspace" starts (with guest vocals by **Scott Sturgis of Converter/Pain Station** fame) you have sunk to the depths and you get trapped in the filthy muddle of sample-filled hate. This former Salt Lake resident makes a significant progression into a second album with more aggression and precision, but sadly this is the last that you will hear from Lexincrypt, so eat it up. Like a hot sauce connoisseur, if you thought you could handle that hate of Hocico, try to take on something more advanced with Lexincrypt.

SLUG

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| 3rd- The Heavenly State | 18th- Awesome locals night, no cover, \$2 vodkas |
| 4th- Myspace Hotel Café tour: Butch Walker, Carey Bros. | 19th- Reaper EP release, Plantit |
| 5th- Eric McFadden Trio | 20th- The United States of Electronica, The Divorce |
| 7th- Curtis Jensen Book Release Party w/ Vile Blue Shades, Guitarclistra | 21st- Purr Bats CD Release |
| 8th- Demigods, Self Expression | 22nd- Adverse CD Release, Mindstate |
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| 11th- Awesome locals night, no cover, \$2 vodkas | 28th- Cabaret Voltage |
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True Tales of an SLC Cabbie

Episode #8: Trollin' For Hookers

By The Incredulous Gadianton

Vicdic66@hotmail.com

I was in a contemplative mood; it was a Thursday night and it had been three weeks since I had been dumped by my girlfriend of three years. I had **The Cure's Pornography** in my head, even though I was listening to talk-radio stories about the New Orleans disaster. There was a dying-summer scent in the air and I felt fucking old.

I got a call to Sapp Bros. Truck Stop over on California & I-215. As I pulled into the green-and-orange-neon parking lot (Sinclair and Burger King—together!), I noticed a tall, older gentleman squatting/sitting near the front doors. It's always nice when people wait out front in plain sight.

With the first words out of his mouth, he said, "Dude, I'm gonna be completely

turned the radio to *Joe's Garage* (Thursdays from 10:30 PM to 1:00 AM on KRCL). They happened to be playing "Fluffy" by **Ween**. I let out a momentary 'tee hee,' but as I waited the next fifteen minutes, I mostly wallowed in my palpable misery. The demise of my three-year relationship had me feeling heavy and ridiculous.

When Carl finally broke my pity party, he said, "Alright, one down, but the other just ain't around. Can we take it up North Temple real slow and if we don't see nothin', you can just drop me back where you found me?"

"Cool."

We cruised North Temple from 600 West until the fairgrounds at about 25 MPH, but Carl didn't find what he was looking for. He shrugged it off and seemed thankful to at least have gotten his medicine. I drove us back to Sapp Bros.

"Hey, man," he asked, "you seem like a cool young dude. Why the fuck you look so down?"

I thought about making something up, but instead I told him, "My old lady dumped me."

"How long together?"

"Three years."

Carl leaned forward a bit and said, "That's tough man. Look, I was with a girl for twelve years once. This is what you gotta do—you gotta drink (pause), you gotta get laid (I should mention that neither of these things had made me feel better so far) and then when you done wit' that, you gotta

honest wit' you, k? I need to cruise by the mission (I instantly deduced that he meant the shelter) and get a couple of things. I need you to wait (dramatic pause) and then I need a ride back. Is that gonna be cool? I can go ahead and leave ya a twenty while you be waitin'." He then held up one hand with two twenties in it. His other hand held a nice, healthy chunk of twenties.

I began pulling out of the parking lot as I mulled it over. I was wary, but the sight of his money and his honest demeanor had loosened

me up. Plus, **when I'm super sad, my woman's intuition kicks in and I can feel people out better.** I could just sort of recognize that he was an OK guy.

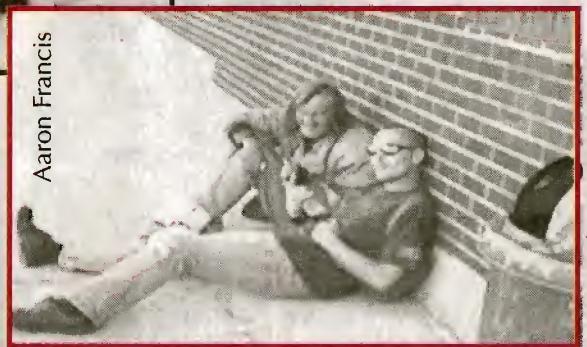
"Yeah, dude," I said, "I could do that. I even know a nice place to park and wait about a block away." It was true—mostly 'cause my friend, Harley, lives in the Bridge Projects across the street. Harley sometimes bitterly bitches about his vagrant neighbors.

So off we went, traipsing through the back streets of the west side. I learned that 'Carl' was a trucker. Had been for twelve years. He had done five years at The Point of the Mountain for robbery before that. It had taken twenty years, he bragged, for him to get arrested, though. I was impressed. That's a lot of unhindered stealing.

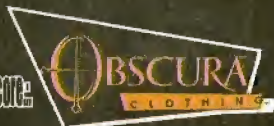
I backed into a parking stall right below Harley's third story balcony. His lights weren't on. Carl left me a twenty, so I turned off #22 and

retreat into yourself, man. You gotta get yourself a whole shitload of alone time and you gotta prepare yourself for the next woman that you're gonna love. And then...you wait. (Leaning back) You're gonna be cool, man. You're young. Now, an old guy like me, I gotta get taxis and drive slow lookin' for ho's. Chin up."

I thanked him for the ten-dollar tip as I dropped him off. We shook hands. I then drove towards downtown and its bars with *Pornography* back in my head and the radio off. The only real sound was the wind through the windows. I thought about the lonely winter I had coming to me and I started to laugh. What the fuck else could I do? And **Robert Smith's** voice in my head wailed, "...One after the other...one after the other...seems like a hundred years...a hundred years."



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ANDY PATTERSON

By Curtis Jensen

curtismjensen@yahoo.com

Andy Patterson has been an active fixture in the Salt Lake music scene for 17 years. As a drummer, his pedigree is extensive and includes stints with a representative cross-section of SLC's most relevant and influential bands: **Lumberjack**, **Iceburn**, **Polestar**, **State of the Nation**, **Red Bennies**, **Ether**, **Stella Brass**, **Hello Amsterdam**, **Longarm**, and more. His touring experience includes supporting **Fugazi** and **Lifetime** across Europe with State of the Nation, as well as North American tours drumming for **Shelter**, **Blue Tip** and **Inside Out**. You read that right, Inside mother-fucking Out. Currently he splits his drumming time between popsters **Hudson River School**, and reincarnated doom-rockers **Hammergun**.

After two years in Los Angeles interning and working in recording studios on projects ranging from **Rage Against the Machine's** live performance on MTV's *T.R.L.*, to a collaboration between **DJ Shadow** and **Cut Chemist**, Andy returned to Salt Lake in 2000 to set up his own studio. Like his drumming credentials, Andy's recording resume reads as a laundry list of SLC's finest: **Clear**, **The Kill**, **The New Transit Direction**, **The Wolfs**, **Furious Fire**, **Endless Struggle**, **The Numbs**, **The Dirty Birds**, **Le Force**, **Spanky Van Dyke**, **Starmy**, **Aftermath of a Train Wreck**, **Tolchock Trio**, **All Systems Fail**, **Day of Less**, **Gaza**, **Stiletto**, **Rifle Street Music**, **Contingency Plan**, **Thunderfist**, **Walken**, **Victrola**, **Iodina**, **Cub Country**, and **Utah Slim**.

I bummed a smoke from Andy for the first time outside of the old KRCL building in 2001, while taking a break from laying down basic tracks during **Form of Rocket's** *Se Puede Despidir a Todos* sessions. Now he invites me to his annual 24th of July barbecues.

SLUG: Why recording? How did recording come about?

AP: I am a drummer and, on the totem pole of priority and hierarchy in the band scheme, the drummer is the lowest on the rung. I was sick of being at the mercy of the songwriter, so I bought a sampler, and I was like, "I'm going to make my own music." Not fuck being a drummer, just separate; I needed to have some sort of voice. I needed to do something that I could take control of.

SLUG: Was this a response to a person, or just in general?

AP: Just in general, not out of spite. If I wanted to be able to say, "Maybe we should try this or try that," I kind of needed to have something to back it up, and no one would take me seriously because I was the drummer. Like, "What do you know about chords? You don't even know what note that is!" I bought a sampler, and shortly after that I bought a computer. I pirated some recording software and recorded little things here and there, but the biggest catalyst was moving to California.

SLUG: Why'd you go to California?

AP: I went to California because, well, I was actually going to go to New York. Most of the friends that I was playing with at the time, Jim

(Kimball), Jeff (Johnson), Jamison (Wilkins), Matt (Matteus), Jeremy (Chatelain), Cache (Tolman), all those guys moved to New York. I was going to go out there, but everyone kept warning me about how hard it was to live in New York.

SLUG: Did you feel a competitive thing from them?

AP: I just felt like ... (pause), yeah, there was a bit of competition. Like, "Oh shit, moved to New York and he joined **Handsome** and those guys are on tour with **Silverchair** right now and everyone's blowing up and all they had to do is move to the big city!" That was my and everyone else's motivation: get out of small town, move to big city. That's where the success is, where the action is.

I actually had a

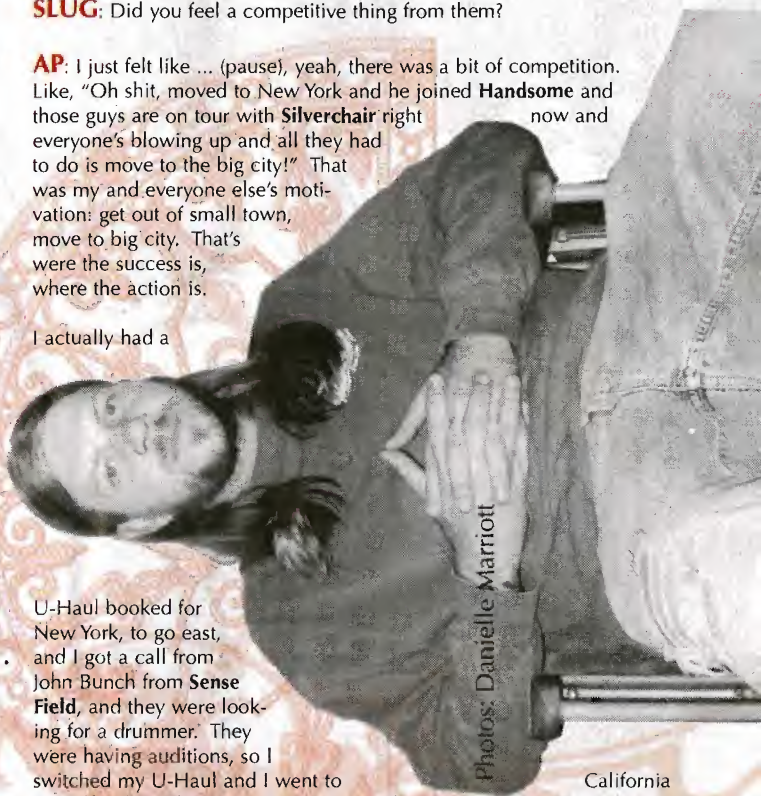
U-Haul booked for New York, to go east, and I got a call from John Bunch from **Sense Field**, and they were looking for a drummer. They were having auditions, so I switched my U-Haul and I went to instead. I had like a hundred bucks, and it was your basic cliché story; I had no money, and I ate ramen for a month.

I put an ad in *The Recycler* and this girl responded to my ad, and she wanted me to play in her band. The first night that I met her, we went back to her place, and her roommate is this guy Critter, Jeff Knewel, he's a producer. He's from Chicago and did all the old **Ministry** stuff. He was working on the **Guns n' Roses** record out there.

SLUG: The, the ...

AP: The infamous one, *Chinese Democracy*. The one that still hasn't come out (giggles). But he had a Pro Tools rig in his living room. I mean, when we walked in, I was like, "Oh my god, this is what I want, I want my life to look like this." I asked him, "Ok, I've got a couple thousand dollars, what recording school should I go to?" He said, "Don't. Don't go to school. Buy a rig and just start recording." So I did that, I bought a Pro Tools rig, he hooked me up with all his plug-ins, and then he taught me how to use

Continued on page 26



Photos: Danielle Marriott

DEATHPUNK, DIZASTER, AND ROCKETS of the ASS:

An Interview with Turbonegro By Jeremy A. Cardena



They're coming again this year. They'll be hurtling around our spacious skies and waves of grain in a grand procession of apocalyptic dudes and denim-clad new-wave hooker girls. Haven't seen 'em? Haven't heard of 'em? Well, get on the St. Pauli liner and take note, folks, this death-punk train stops for no man! Salt Lake is no exception. These decadent princes of the gay video are ready to lunge, leer and bang their way into your sweaty little sailor dreams, so let them bring it, motherfuckers!

Their previous efforts have given us the punk-rock manifesto *Ass Cobra* (1996) and the super-rock destruction of *Apocalypse Dudes* (1998). These two albums by themselves would be enough to mind-fuck even the strongest of music aficionados, but were they finished? Hell no, they came back after traveling through the depths of drug-addled band-breaking hell and brought us the rock with *Scandinavian Leather* (2003) and now the triumphant stadium destroying *Party Animals* (2005). What more can we ask for? What are the Turborejungs? Why are these fuckers dressed like gay sailors? What is a Canadian Tuxedo? You got questions, and folks, **Hank von Helvete** and I have the answers.

From the perspective of a fan, Turbonegro is the epitome of all that could go wrong – or right – with a musical entity. In the beginning, these Norwegian superheroes started just like any punk-rock band. As Hank relates: “There have been many explanations, but basically, Turbonegro was started in a small Oslo suburb where **Pal [Pot Pamparius]**, keyboard, percussion) grew up. The real truth of the name Turbonegro was that it began as a tag he put on the wall at Pamparius Pizza. It only lasted one day. ‘Turbonegro’. Then this word he tagged was painted over, but he kept pondering on it. He thought this had to be the best band name, ever. This was winter of 1988 or ‘89. Pal could not play anything at this time, you know. Then he met up with **Happy Tom** [bassist] and Tom had played drums and bass in different punk bands. He was the experienced one. They got together and Pal told him about this great name he had come up with. Tom told him that he would be willing to be the rhythm, and eventually music would come, you know? So, they did, and in the process they realized that they had everything you need to start a cool, hard-rocking deathpunk band. You need one guy who can play, one guy who can’t play and a good band name.”

Turbonegro’s original line up was Thomas Seltzer [Happy Tom], Pal Bøttger Kjarnes (Pal Pot Pamparius), Rune Grønn (Rune Rebellion), Vegard Heskstad, and Carlos Churasco. Their first show was in Copenhagen, Denmark, in March of 1989, and by April they had finally played their first show in their hometown of Oslo. They recorded a few singles and in 1990 came to the United States to tour for the first time. When they arrived in the U.S., Rune was beat up in Minneapolis a few hours after arrival, and was hospitalized. The band forged on without him, but the first tour was a disaster. Three weeks later, Turbonegro returned to Oslo and broke up. They eventually reunited and got back to kicking ass in 1993 after licking some wounds, changing the band name to **Stierkamp** (the German word for bullfight), and getting a new lead singer by the name of Hans Erik Husby (aka Hanky, or Hank von Helvete). By 1997, the band had solidified the lineup with the addition of Chris Summers (drums) and Knut Schreiner (a guitar genius known as ‘Euroboy’ to the fans) and gone back to Turbonegro, but this was after some not-so-great ‘schtick’ moments, including painting their faces in the style of Al Jolson.

“We were backstage, wearing wigs and hats, with our faces painted black, smoking pot with Bad Brains – and the absurdity of it never dawned on us. Those guys didn’t mention it once. They were probably embarrassed on our behalf,” muses Happy Tom.

The ‘denim demon’ look became the norm; when asked about why his band wears all denim, Tom states, “We feel that denim out-rocks leather at all levels. Leather is for empty little people. Denim is huge for us. And the kids love it!”

I asked Hank if he knew of the term ‘Canadian Tuxedo’.

“I’ve never heard that, is it something sexual?” “No.” I reply, “It’s the wearing of an all-denim outfit. I’ve heard it called a ‘Canadian Tuxedo.’”

“That’s interesting,” he says, “Do people in Canada like denim that much? It’s no wonder we have so many fans there.”

The music of Turbonegro is something beautiful, ugly, decadent and downright rocking all in the same song. This band has a wealth of raunchy lyrics, ranging from the downright pedophilic Midnight NAMBLA (Nemesis of the toddler/I look just like your father/and I am the Midnight NAMBLA), to the straight sing-along classic “(I Got) Erection” (Every time I walk down the street/Erection/See a woman that I’d like to meet/Erection..), to the best fucking rock song about a pizza parlor ever written (So think you’ve had a calzone/ well not like this) in ‘Pamparius,’ the first track on *Apocalypse Dudes*. Turbonegro has brought the glam and greasepaint of the greats like **Alice Cooper**, thrown in the punk-rock badness that enamors modern-day rockers to the likes of the **Supersuckers**, **Hellacopters** or **Zeke**, and slams it all together with an outright pop overtone not seen since the days of **Bowie**, **Slade**, or **T-Rex**. When it comes to image, the band favors the seedy homosexual look found in back-alley tough-guy leather bars, and they look like they would not be uncomfortable in the ‘Blue Oyster’ bar on those cheesy *Police Academy* movies from the 80s. I ask about their penchant for the makeup, denim, and trademark sailor caps that are integral to the Turbonegro show. “We felt that the clothing and the styles that rock ‘n roll had, especially the L.A. scene in the ‘80’s, you know, glam rock and metal, a lot of that look actually came from the gay scene. And then these guys in makeup and hairspray are acting like they’re very hardcore, homophobic heterosexuals to compensate. We just want to remind them where their cool looks came from. I’m the only one in the band that’s not actually gay. The others have been gay all the time, and playing in other bands, they’ve had to hide it a lot. Then we figured, ‘why not come out with it?’ It’s okay to rock and be gay, it’s made it so much easier for the others to be who they are.”

In 1997, Turbonegro released *Apocalypse Dudes*. Jello Biafra (Dead Kennedys, et al.) was quoted as saying, “The new Turbonegro record is possibly the most important European record, ever.” This album is

considered to be the band’s best release by far. Let me interject here that in 1998, I interviewed **Eddie Spaghetti** of the **Supersuckers** for this magazine. I asked him what he and the band were listening to, and he told me of Turbonegro, who I had never heard of. He told me that if I did anything that week, that I had better go out and buy *Apocalypse Dudes* if I was even remotely a fan of rock. I did, and man, I’ll tell you what, I’ll give you readers the same advice. Get this album. It’s subsequently been re-released by **Epitaph** and is now available to the masses. This album is a series of hits from back to front. It was at this point that the band was writing its best music, but were internally falling apart. The band played 24 sold-out shows to support the album on 1998’s *Darkness Forever* tour with **Nashville Pussy**. This would be the end of Turbonegro. The band broke up in the waiting room of a psychiatric hospital in Milan, Italy. Singer Hank’s mental and physical health had deteriorated to the point that he had to be committed. Addicted to heroin and emotionally exhausted, Hank fell apart.

When asked about this period, Hank comments, “What heroin addiction does to a band is the same as it would do to any other work environment. When you have a junkie on board, it all goes sour. You miss gigs, you miss appointments, money disappears, people disappear ... the whole environment becomes bad. That was the reason we stopped playing. My heroin addiction was causing us to become a bad band; people were getting fed up, and it stopped being fun. It was better that we stopped when we did. Now I’ve gotten better and we’ve started again. It was as easy as that. It’s been weird, because when you’re without someone for four years, which was the length of time the band was apart, you would figure you would never see that someone again. You figure you would have to start over, but we didn’t have to, we came back bigger than ever, it’s been weird.”

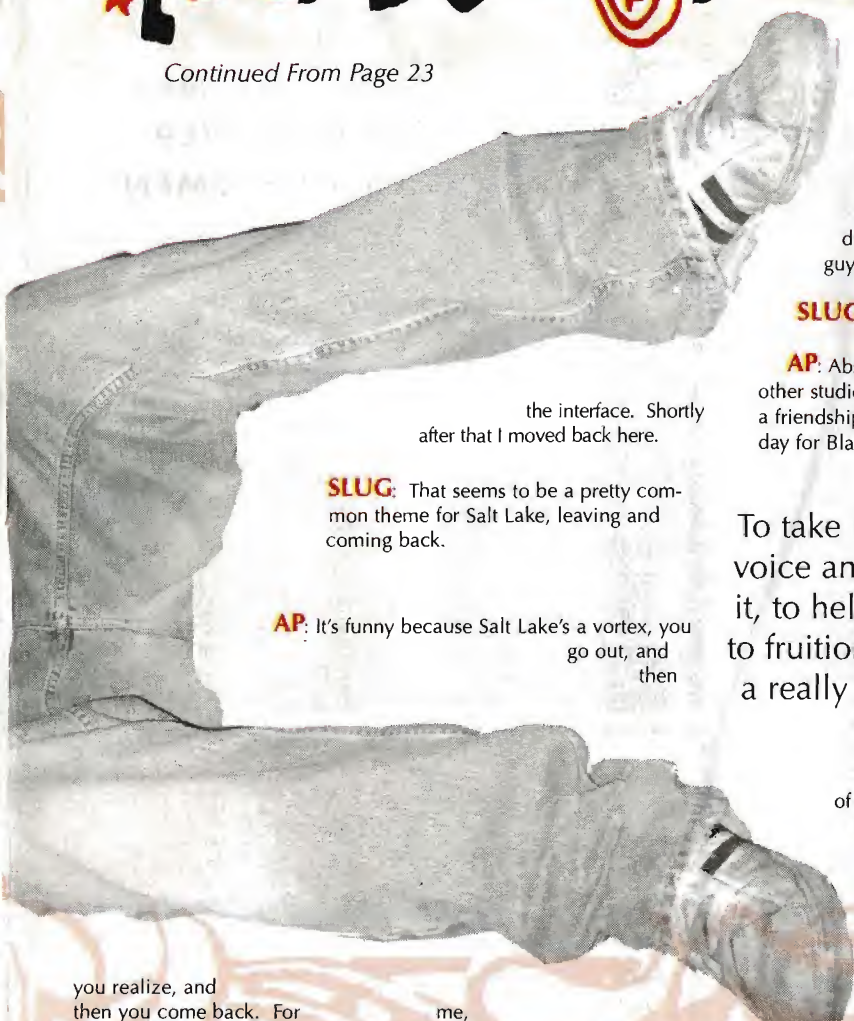
“Bigger than ever.” is an understatement. Turbonegro grew in their demise from an obscure Norwegian underground rock band to something of a rock legend, thanks to a rabid worldwide network of fans called the ‘Turbojugend’ (Turbopeople). These fans have kept the band’s trademark sailor-cap logo and name alive over the four years from the band’s demise to their triumphant return in 2003 with *Scandinavian Leather*. The band’s demise served only to heighten their appeal. Membership in the Turbojugend chapters has multiplied astronomically and includes people like **Bam Margera**, who has featured the band on his MTV show *Viva La Bam*. Happy Tom laughs, “**KISS** have an army, and we have a navy. It’s not an exclusive club, it’s a free-for-all. That way we don’t have to be responsible if some mongoloid buys one of our jackets and does something stupid.”

Catch the band on their upcoming US tour, and if you haven’t already, check out 2003’s release *Scandinavian Leather*, and the newest super-rock heavy hitter *Party Animals*, just released (not on import) by **Burning Heart** and **Epitaph**.

“Are you ready for some Darkness..?”

BEARDS GROW BACK

Continued From Page 23



the interface. Shortly after that I moved back here.

SLUG: That seems to be a pretty common theme for Salt Lake, leaving and coming back.

AP: It's funny because Salt Lake's a vortex, you go out, and then

you realize, and then you come back. For me, I just had to get out of Salt Lake; I just had to do something. I feel good that I lived in California for 2 years and I got along just fine. I paid my bills, I traveled, I didn't get my ass kicked, and I didn't have to suck dick for coke or anything.

When I would come back, I'd see all my friends and I just realized, you know, this is a really beautiful place to live in, its not gross, its not spread out, its not expensive, and all my friends live here. Like, what am I doing? By the second year I was in L.A., it was just basically work, home, work, home. It was like, "Fuck it, I'm going to go back to Salt Lake. I like that place, it's cool," and still, to this day, I love Utah. I don't have any plans on moving anytime soon.

SLUG: What is your role in the recording process?

AP: To be the extra guy in the band that knows about this stuff. I just happen to know how to use this stuff (waves his hand around the control room) better than you guys, so it makes sense for me to run this stuff and for me to be sitting in this chair and doing the edits and stuff like that. When I make records, especially with people I like, I really try to have the vibe be that we are in our bedroom, making this with a ghetto four-

track, and have it be fun on that level. I'm the extra band member, and my job is geeky tech stuff. You know, there's a drummer, there's a guitarist, there's a bassist, there's a keyboard guy. I'm just a degree off from the keyboard guy.

SLUG: So for you, there's a personal, an interior, link to all of this?

AP: Absolutely. I think that's what makes me different from a lot of other studio engineers. I'm really more romantic about it. I want to have a friendship with the bands that I record. I went to a memorial the other day for Blake [Donner] from **Parallax**, and I got up and spoke, which is

To take his art and his voice and immortalize it, to help bring his art to fruition, I think that's a really special thing.

weird because I don't do that. I don't do any of that stuff, but I had to just get up and reflect a little bit upon how personally special it is to me to be part of something like that. To take his art and his voice and immortalize it, to help bring his art to fruition, I think that's a really special thing.

SLUG: What do you think is the role that digital recording technology plays in the democratization of music distribution? As somebody who works in the digital format, do you see similarities?

AP: Yeah, absolutely. The fact that I have this equipment at my disposal is amazing to me. Sometimes I feel like an asshole because I listen to **Sgt. Peppers** or old **Zeppelin** records or **Marley** records that were recorded on 1, 2, 4 tracks tops. I have gear that would make them lose their minds. I can't make those records yet, but back 20 years ago, I wouldn't be able to have a studio unless I had \$50,000 to start it with. For me to be able to quit my day job and do this for a living is amazing, especially considering the investment that I've put in has been very minimal. Compared to like, Counterpoint, where they have actual rooms and tape machines and big ass boards and huge monitors, that stuff's not necessary now. For all intents and purposes, most of the best records are made with meager means.

SLUG: Did **Clive Davis** [*American Idol* producer] make you shave your beard?

AP: No, he didn't make me shave my beard. Our (Hudson River School) pimps suggested that if I had the beard, I would look a lot older than I am, and that Clive is very youth driven. Even with me shaving the beard, they said that we were too old.

I wouldn't have cut my hair. I already feel bad about it. I felt like a fucking monkey, jumping around (claps his hands together), "I'll cut my beard for you, anything you say! Thank you sir, may I have another!"

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CD Reviews

The Absence
From Your Grave
 Metal Blade Records
 Street: 09.06

The Absence = At The Gates + Old In Flames + Old Amorphis
 There are two things that The Absence have got going for them at the moment: First, **Hate Eternal** main-man and **Morbid Angel** veteran **Erik Rutan** produced the debut full-length from the Tampa band. Second, The Absence are great musicians. That said ... well, there isn't much I can say about *From Your Grave*. It sounds like a billion bands currently copying the Scandinavian melodic-death-metal sound. Upon first spin, I put the album on random along with the new disc by Sweden's **The Duskfall**, and honestly, I couldn't tell which band was which. Whether that is bad is another story, because the Duskfall are one of the better products coming from the melodic-death-metal scene at the moment. The Absence will get their chance to prove what they're worth to audiences across the U.S. when they embark on the *Metal Blade Young Guns* tour with the killer **LOSA** headlining. (Club Vegas: 10.06) — *Bryer Wharton*

Apsci
Thanks for Asking
 Quantum Projects
 Street: 9.26

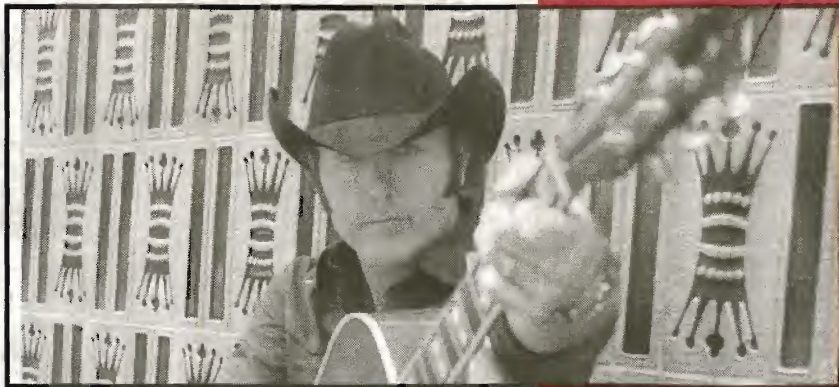
Apsci = Projectionists + Beth Gibbons (Portishead) + Diesel Boy
 When I put this album on, I had somewhat of a pre-conceived notion that I knew what **Apsci** (pronounced: ap-see) was all about. I thought this was just another Bronx-based record released by a company owned by a lazy MC who is trying to make money off of the "fresh meat" in the music business. I was sadly mistaken. Apsci pushes every musical boundary known to the ever-expanding genre of hip-hop. From a landscape of electro-pop to cacophonous beats with a mingling of scratchy walls, this dynamic husband-and-wife duo play out a modern love story through their music. Each song is like an audio journal that creates a different time or place for the listener. The guest appearances are as eclectic as the music itself, including artists like **Mr. Lif**, **Versutyl**, **Tunde**, and **Pigeon John**, who give you that fresh, fervent feeling for the next song. — *Lance Saunders*

The Black Dahlia Murder
Miasma
 Metal Blade Records
 Street: 07.12

The Black Dahlia Murder = Morbid Angel + In Flames + Cannibal Corpse
 Remember The Black Dahlia Murder's crazy show at *Ozzfest*? Wait a minute — *Ozzfest* gave Utah the shaft! That's okay, because The Black Dahlia Murder are still a great band. TBDM have definitely beaten the sophomore slump with *Miasma*. That's a hard achievement when you're following up critically and fan-acclaimed debut *Unhallowed*. The album begins with the short-but-oh-so-badass cut "Built for Sin," ripping into some Morbid Angel-style pounding. The rest of the album is peppered with cuts that make In Flames sound like pussies, but still embodies a slight melodic death-metal feel overall. Death-metal reigns supreme with *Miasma*. Brimming with technicality, TBDM are just all-around fun to jam to. Get your neck ready for album highlights such as "Flies," the cool-titled "Statutory Ape," and "Novelty Crosses." (Lo-Fi Café: 10.05) — *Bryer Wharton*

Boris and Merzbow
Sun Baked Snow Cave
 Hydra Head Records
 Street: 09.06

Boris and Merzbow = Godzilla and Mothra engaged in pugilistic fantasies + two great tastes that go great together (think milk and Cinnamon Toast Crunch but with more bite)
 In this third and quite bodacious collaboration, Boris and Merzbow reiterate what it means to "do" noise. Exquisite in its opulence, *Sun Baked Snow Cave* captures its namesake. With one outstanding track, it slowly builds, fizzles, and bubbles. Territorially, it starts off soft and sleepy and erupts with a wave of cataclysmic brilliance around the 50-minute mark. Rumbling and rolling in the beginning, Boris navigates shifty terrain to give the listener a heady dose of vertigo. After this, things start to smooth out, as the droning noise composition holds together under a firmament of steady anticipation. Finally, under the auspices of Merzbow, the whole thing collapses and the shearing ascent comes crashing down in one final movement. This collaboration is one of those albums (think *My Bloody Valentine's Loveless*) that, if played low, is a soft reassuring sleep, but if played loud, is menacing and destructive. After two such creations, this dashing duo has yet to get boring. — *Erik Lopez*



Cluster & Eno
Self-Titled
 Sky Records
 Street: 09.06

Cluster & Eno = Krautrock put through a blender of rich, permeated refractions of watery rhythms and secondary echoes to produce ambient tri-ambulations + pre-Music for Airports Eno
 Coming from a rich Krautrockian experimentalism that includes **Tony Conrad** and **Faust's Outside the Dream Syndicate**, **Cluster & Eno** richly embraces soundscapes that venture tentatively unknown territory. Unlike *Outside the Dream Syndicate*, which expressed Conrad's experimentation with minimalistic drone, **Cluster & Eno** delves into a potluck of stretched-out horizons that richly color what ambience could do. The tracks on these albums are not what the listener would conceive of as ambience; they are not quiet minutiae to be played as background music for parties or lullabies to fall asleep to. Instead, they are emotional and powerful compositions in their own right. **Water Records** has captured the assured essence of one of ambient's defining moments by remastering this classic album. Dreamy, alive, and elusive, this album is an enduring testament to vibrancy of ambient rock. — *Erik Lopez*

The Dead Science
Frost Giant
 Absolutely Kosher Records
The Dead Science = Pulp + Billie Holiday + Nick Drake + Xiu Xiu
 Street: 10.25

There is a mournful fragility in **Sam Mickens'** voice that is sometimes as soulful as **Nina Simone**, and most times as desperate as a skinny white kid in glasses trying to get out of gym class. The dissonance accompanying the vocals ranges from delicately beautiful to maddeningly abrasive, with the guitar/bass/drum base getting peppered here and there with strings. The tempos go from eerie and strange to contemplative to frustrated and frenetic to plodding. Through all of this, somehow, it's remarkably sexual—kind of like pill-popped and sad winter sex, the kind that makes you want to wrap a sheet around yourself afterwards and stare out the window at the snow and the grey. Perfect, too, 'cause I have a feeling it's going to be a brutal winter. — *Jesus Harold*

Dungen
Ta Det Lugnt
 Kemado Records
 Street: 06.24.04

Dungen = Amon Düül II + Comets on Fire + Pet Sounds
 The instant you hear *Ta Det Lugnt*, it's nearly impossible to believe it was recorded in this day and age; the sleazy distorted guitar, **Keith Moon** drum fills, chamber-folk arrangements and sonic spiraling into a hazy acid-laced dream all point to one conclusion: Dungen's time machine has brought them here from Stockholm, circa 1970. They might be a little disoriented as they look out at all the iPods and Alf Pogs, but they found a suitably retro recording studio to create an album to keep them sane in this century — and to please those of us who also enjoy living in a romanticized past. Don't miss the opening track, "Panda" — scorching your ears with psychedelic sounds! Dig? — *Jamila Roehrig*

Esquivel
The Sights and Sounds of Esquivel!
 Bar None Records
 Street: 09.06

Esquivel = space-age bachelor-pad music + the Jetsons + stereophonic animatronics sound + Barry and Lavone
 During the late 90's, there was a resurgence of what became termed a sort of space-age bachelor-pad music. The man who became associated with this title (and rose above the rest of the dregs of this genre) was Esquivel. Laden with pop experi-

Eddie Spaghetti
Old No. 2
 Mid-Fi Records
 Street Date: 10.18

Eddie Spaghetti = Willie Nelson + Merle Haggard + Hank William III
 Reviewing the latest Eddie Spaghetti disc is a delightful treat that is both a pleasure and a pain. Painful because how can I describe, in so many words, this charming and pristine honky-tonk disc? Singer and bass player of the "greatest rock n' roll band in the world" the **Supersuckers**, Spaghetti takes time out of the recording of their new album, supposedly due out near the end of this year, to release this nugget of jukebox-style hits. Following up his first solo record, *The Sauce*, this sophomore release is a continuation of the Supersuckers' honky-tonk/rockabilly-infused disc *Must Have Been High*, featuring four originals and six covers that range from such varying artists as **Bob Dylan**, **AC/DC**, **The Coasters**, **Tom Waits** and Spaghetti's hero **Willie Nelson**. Rounding out the disc is a bonus song of Spaghetti singing about the downsides of being sick. Less themes concerning debauchery and tongue-in-cheek humor than his first disc, *Old No. 2* still has Spaghetti's attitude — it just showcases it differently. The energy of anything that Spaghetti records, whether it's him or his bombastic band, is something to be reckoned with for novice listeners. But like his hardcore fans, the newbies will come to be converted and end up worshipping the ground that this legendary and jaw dropping man walks on. The faithful, and those who are ready for their first baptism, take heed: Eddie Spaghetti will be in town Oct 5 (Big Es: 10.05) *Kevin*



The Real McKenzies

10,000 Shots

Fat Wreck Chords

Street: 08.23

The Real McKenzies = Swinging Utters + Robbie Burns (Scottish folk legend)

It's a shame that the Real McKenzies will probably never get their full deserved appreciation since the Dropkick Murphys started playing their own brand of bagpipe-accompanied Celtic punk first. It seems that the Real McKenzies will always have to live in the Murphys' shadow, but these kilt-wearing punkers don't seem to care. They press on with great record after great record, and their newest is without exception *10,000 Shots* is the perfect example of what these Canadians have been doing over the years. Plenty of punk rock humor, some traditional Celtic tunes, and bagpipes, bagpipes, bagpipes. The McKenzies are doing what they want no matter whose shadow they are seen in.

—James Orme

mentalism and a sort of satirical appeal to what lounge is, Esquivel rose above the rest by being a leader in stereophonic recordings and having a varied career (albums such as *Other Worlds*, *Other Sounds* and *Four Corners of the World* attest to this). Sadly, though, in this unreleased live performance captured in 1976, Esquivel's quirky subtle innovations in lounge and recording techniques are lost to an almost campy ironic version of what the albums were. What you miss are the orchestrated majesty of his sound, his delicate shifts of experimentation through dapper moments, and his appeal to the ladies' men of the world. Instead of all this, you get a watery live album that doesn't rise above what seems a capricious "dirty-old-man" bar act. Lacking in sincerity and almost mocking, this album does little for the amazing canon that Esquivel has produced. —Erik Lopez

Fear Factory

Transgression

Calvin Records

Street: 08.23

Fear Factory = Napalm Death + Godflesh + Devin Townsend/Strapping Young Lad

Transgression: The exceeding of due bounds or limits. Fear Factory achieves just that, in more ways than one. The album is full of songs about one transgression or another. Also for Fear Factory's sixth time out, their sound has dramatically evolved. The evolution began when founding guitarist **Dino Cazares** and vocalist **Burton C. Bell** decided to part ways, thus, for a moment, breaking up Fear Factory. It wasn't until bassist **Christian Olde Wombers** took over guitar duties and the band reunited, recruiting **Strapping Young Lad/Zimmers Hole** bassist **Byron Stroud**. The group's fifth album, *Archetype*, was unleashed and it blew away all expectations. Now *Transgression* is here, again blowing away any pre-conceived notion of what the band is. For a group that never included a guitar lead or solo in any song, the band has matured immensely. Trademark Fear Factory tunes blast the senses but with newly inspired song structures, vocal patterns and yes, guitar leads, even the first-ever Fear Factory guitar solo. Christian has really come into his own, experimenting with new sounds and styles. The mighty cyber-metal masters have returned with their best work — period. Play it loud and play it proud, every metal fan should own this record. —Bryer Wharton

Gang Of Four

Return The Gift

V2 Records

Street Date 10.11

Gang Of Four = (bands that copied them) Radio 4 + Bloc Party + The Rapture + Moving Units + Franz Ferdinand + The Futureheads + Red Hot Chili Peppers

Finding this in my box has proved to me that somebody indeed loves me at Slug HQ. Gang Of Four started almost 20 years ago, crafting a sound that was absolutely ahead of their time. Blending punk anthems with dance floor grooves, GO4 found little commercial success in the States. However, starting with the *Chilli Peppers*, GO4's legion of successors has slowly evolved until the explosion three years ago of bands that have blatantly aped GO4's dance-floor minimalist-rock. With the sudden popularity of these dance-punk bands using the blueprints of GO4's sound, their time had indeed come. GO4 has now returned and everyone had better get ready. Deciding to recapture the spirit of their earlier masterpieces, the band has re-recorded some of their truly best. Skipping any studio recording additions, the band decided

CD Reviews

to reconnect with the primitive fire that made them a musical legend. *Return The Gift* is a recording that does absolute justice to the bands songs, given a finer tuning and mix, the drums and bass just explode out of the speaker, and the guitar is crystal-clear with more scratching and slithering than ever before. The raw intensity on "What We All Want", "Anthrax", "Natural's Not In It", and "I Love A Man In A Uniform" showcases a band reworking their material without changing the structure, for the frenzied dance party that the band is going to bring to the stage all across the world as they prepare for their second coming. Having seen this band perform at the Coachella concert festival this year, I'm happy to say that GO4 has not lost one ounce of their energy or their ability to shake people's senses and asses. In November, a disc will be released that features remixes and covers from many of GO4's admirers, as well as a select few special releases of *Return The Gift* that will contain a special gift from the band to their fans. Whether you're a longtime fan or not, do not miss this energetic slice of musical genius. —Kevlar7

Goblin Cock

Bagged and Boarded

Absolutely Kosher Records

Street: 10.25

Goblin Cock = Black Sabbath + CKY + The Melvins + Coulter

So, the album cover looks like it houses some seriously-Swedish death-metal (a hominid goblin in chain metal sits on a throne surrounded by cups of fire, his gigantic pierced cock protruding out the bottom of his outfit all the way to the floor). But then you learn that it's a band containing both **Rob Crow** and **Brent Asbury** of *Pinback* fame. And then you realize that, holy shit, this is cooler than you are. When I listen to it, I find myself nudging up the volume button a notch every five minutes or so. It's stoner-rock with the requisite irony and self-awareness, but with a real desire to simply rock out with (apparently) cocks out, hanging to the floor. Consume with bong rippers. —Jesus Harold

M83

S/T

Goom / Mute

Street: 09.06

M83 = shitty memories burned in effigy + optional angelic flourishes
Anthony Gonzalez' mother must be so proud. Just three years ago, he was making plinky amateurish synth-pop, as featured here on the reissue of M83's self-titled debut. Now, one French dude lighter, he specializes in universally lauded, sprawling prog-pop narratives with cinematic inclinations. Given the trajectory of the act's popularity, this release seems to add little but a retroactive glimpse of musical puberty (the allegory continues here). Mommy watched wistfully as little M83 added more and more track-ribbons to his bedside shelf. She proudly approved of a GPA hovering above 3.8. The teeth straightened nicely. Alas, M83 is all grown up now, moving on to the big city to study art history at Columbia. Soon, some serious career choices will be made, paving the way for either a distinguished professor of pastiche-ified art-pop or a periodicals merchandiser at Barnes and Noble. Always wrap it up and work hard, man. —The Human Race, et al.

New Electric

S/TEP

The Perpetual Motion Machine

Release Date: 07.05

New Electric = Red Sparrows + Sonic Youth + Broken Social Scene - vocals

If you're going to play instrumental guitar-rock and let that be the entire bulk of your music, then this is how you do it. This band formed when **Brian McBrearty** (guitar) and **Liam Hurley** (drums) became tired of playing in the jazz-heavy **Rolo Tomase**. The record is everything I love about guitars, distortion, and electricity. New Electric are perhaps the most appropriately-named band of all time. There are no pretentious intros that take eight minutes to skip through before they actually start playing; these guys just come right in and go from one place to the next. How can a band play a beautiful sonic piece with crashing cymbals and whirling fuzzy guitars, creating lightning in the air, while one of the guitarists pulls off a twanged-out country solo and it's so pretty you choke up a little? I have no fucking idea, but these guys do it on the song "Circus". This is the most tasteful and brilliant album I've heard from a band with every right to be over-the-top, epic-music geeks. I suggest you buy this. It has the noise of **Dinosaur Jr.**, the groove of **Fugazi**, and the balls of **Zeppelin**. Beautiful stuff!

—Chuck Berrett

CD Reviews

Run DMC
S/T, King of Rock, Raising Hell, Tougher than Leather
 (Deluxe Expanded Editions)
 Arista / Def Jam
 Street: 9.06

Run DMC = the phase in your childhood centered upon big step-pin' and punching brick walls in expectation of an explosion (if you had cable)

I was so damn excited to pick these bad boys up from the office because Lopez emphatically said, "These are SO rad!" My prize was an eight-page press release and four CD-Rs with photocopied track listings. I decided to take it in stride. Then I learned that these reissues come with a vast number of hyperbolic essays from a copious handful of hip-hop glitterati, each presumably about how irrevocably the world was changed when these guys "rocked Adidas lace-free" or did that obnoxiously over-referenced thing with **Aerosmith**. But I don't have these essays, so don't expect me to say anything about the nuanced relationship of the **Simmons** brothers or tell you how many times **Chuck D** uses the word "amazing." I can't tell you, because the douchebags at **Arista** spent more on today's lunch meeting than the nationwide promotion for these releases. Other than all that, these are SO rad!

— *The Human Race*, et al

Tangiers
The Family Myth
 French Kiss Records
 Street: 09.20

Tangiers = Voidoids + Strokes + Velvet Underground

Upon reading the track listing for Tangiers' album, I immediately thought of my friend Stan because of the song title "That Russian Bastard." And who doesn't want a loveable Slavic jerk to call their own? Well, perhaps for those less fortunate, Tangiers have created a wonderful world of weird minimal punk with bouncy pop beats (but this is NOT, I repeat NOT, the dreaded mainstream genre of "pop-punk," nor does it even come close). Although James Sayce's vocals do conjure up thoughts of The Strokes, the music isn't as irritating or cute, rather, it fits together nicely. Featuring ex-members of **Deadly Snakes** and **Killer Elite**, Tangiers create a glamorous, high-energy re-working of what rock music is today.

— *Jamila Roehrig*

Turn Me On Dead Man
God Bless the Electric Freak
 Alternative Tentacles
 Street: 09.13

TMODM = Nirvana + T. Rex + Warlocks

Obviously, the name of this band comes from the "Paul is dead" hoax (or is it...? Spooky!), which originated in the late 60s — when **Paul McCartney's** lyrics were becoming just as ridiculous as his forlorn-puppy look. Well, look out — because this ain't no "Rocky Raccoon." Signed to **Jello Biafra's** Alternative Tentacles label, this album is loaded with heavy, raucous drug-induced feedback and a general sense of euphoric, un-lame nostalgia. Topped with delirious, swirly vocals and guitars that snarl with methadone-induced irritation, TMODM also pay their respects to **George Harrison** in "Beatle George," adding psychedelic twangs 'n' things to the madness. — *Jamila Roehrig*

Various Artists
Dimension Mix
 Eenie Meenie
 Street: 08.23

Dimension Mix = kids' music + techno + psychedelia

Are you too smooth to put your I-pod on shuffle, blasé about your burner, or maybe your mix-tape melted? Yet you want the coolest party mix ever that will take you to **Dimension 5** (Records), proceeds from which benefit autism charities? For those of you too young to have been raised by hippies, D5 Records is the music of **Bruce Haack** and choreographer/lyricist **Esther Nelson**. Haack (AKA **Jackpine Savage**) was a loner dude from Alberta, Canada, hailed by some as the father of techno for his trippy albums for toddlers that featured homemade electronic instruments. Released in the 60s and 70s, with titles such as "The Way Out Record for Children" and groovy album covers (<http://members.tripod.com/laraseven/ElectronicRecordfrom.html>), the records got in touch with the wild things going on in children's minds. Their slogan as per Nelson was, "Don't drop out; drop in." Stars dropping in tracks include **Beck**, **Stereolab**, **Eels**, **Money Mark**, **Apples In Stereo** and many more. — *MC Welk*

Various Artists
Psycho Ward
 Split 7 Media



Street: 09.01

Psycho Ward = punk-rock intensity + rockabilly cool + horror movie madness

I've heard psychobilly called a trend way too many times, especially when the label "trend" has never been warranted. There is not another genre of music where a band can play a metal song right after a country song — and nobody even thinks twice about it. That's the genius of psychobilly. **Psycho Ward** displays some of the most exciting bands psychobilly has to offer. Europeans like **Mad Sin** and **The Phantom Rockers** show that the scene that spawned this music still has something to offer. The American bands that have revived psycho make up the majority of this compilation. **The Merry Widows**, **Blazing Haley**, and **Speed Crazy** are some of the highlights of this great psychobilly comp. If you like, or are at least interested in psychobilly, this record is definitely worth checking out. — *James Orme*

DVD Reviews

Submachine
Loose at the Moose CD/DVD
 Da Core Records
 Street: 09.01

Submachine = early Pennywise + NOFX + mass quantities of beer

The members of Submachine are your run-of-the-mill, Bush-hating, Nazi-hating, self-hating punk rockers. They have undoubtedly carved themselves a niche in the Pittsburgh scene; 13 years of playing shows, making records and touring have lead to some type of respect in their local community. *Loose at the Moose* is their first attempt at a DVD; The Moose is a local bar that gave them their first glimpse at what a punk-rock lifestyle could bring. The DVD is offset by interviews with fans and members of the band, and packaged with a bonus live CD. The members of Submachine are not really concerned with image or being popular; they would rather provide an amusing outlet of excitement for frustrated Pittsburghians. Submachine is a tight punk-rock band heavily influenced by late 90s punk but they don't seem to mind, and they will probably continue to make drunken punk-rock for years to come. — *Andrew Glassett*

Elliott
Photorecording CD/DVD
 Revelation Records
 Street: 10.04

Elliott = Juliana Theory + a little bit of Journey

My dreams float to the heavens, where they are kept by the keeper of dreams, who also dreams and sends his/her dreams to another keeper of dreams, and onward and onward into eternity. These are some thoughts that I had while listening to Elliott's final release *Photorecording*. It contains a live studio album recorded directly after their last performance, and also includes a never-before-seen DVD documentary of Elliott's last tour. Very idealistic, this music is emotionally raw to the point of a disorder. The production is amazing for a live recording, and the DVD is quite entertaining. The strange thing about this band, Elliott, is their influence on culture that could be termed "New Age for hipsters." What they do, they do well, but it is a prerequisite that you think exactly as they do in order to understand it. For true fans only. — *Andrew Glassett*

Whitelodge
S/T
 Beta-Lactam Ring Records
 Street: 09.05

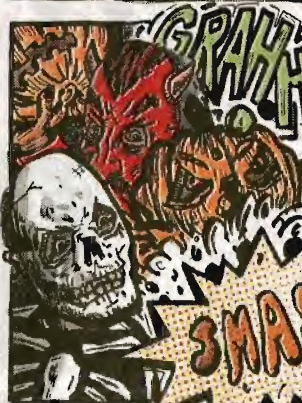
Whitelodge = Death in June + Coil + Current 93 + Sol Invictus

What comes off at first sight as being just a mish-mash of old **World Serpent** new-folk, like the above-mentioned bands, actually becomes a splinter off of them. *Whitelodge's* debut release is subtly coy and actually quite beautiful. What comes to mind is a sort of **Dungeons and Dragons**-esque soundtrack to the most epic of campaigns. The opening track, "Masters Within Space," is a spacey, acoustic guitar-driven number that accentuates the minimalist vocals that permute the echoes and drones lying nascent in wait. Reading the track listing produces ideas of d20 dice rolls, slain dragons and captured virgins. Listening to this album, one can remember early childhood days painstakingly producing worlds, writing out adventures, and, in the end, hating your friends for playing a game that they have ruined after hours of work. What has become of majestic "+2 to dexterity" helmets and "roll 2d6" potions of health? I'll tell you what has happened: *Whitelodge* has happened and they are taking the gaming world by storm. — *Hammer of Iscumbentis*, +2 to health, +3 to strength, -6 to charisma and dexterity

Oct 2005

SLUG COMIX

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Millions of Dead Cops

was the original name of a band known simply as **M.D.C.** With each new album the acronym evolved; **More Damn Christians**, **Multi Death Corporation**, social/political themes that spoke to the heart of what many punks believed. Today, statements about disgust for the establishment and its thugs, the cops, are merely thrown around with ease. The climate of the early 80s was not friendly to dissidents. Society didn't give a shit about the "Blank Generation," giving cops free reign to beat down kids; after all, they were only punks. So, considering this was before gangster rap, a Hardcore Punk band named Millions of Dead Cops was progressive beyond anything else being done at that time. As singer **Dave Dictor**

M.D.C.

explained, "Everyone was breaking ground. Now we're all jaded, but *Rocking Against Reagan* just seems so true to the soul, and we're still rocking politically. It feels real comfortable for me."

M.D.C. has been around since the beginning of Hardcore. "The traces of the band got together in 1979; that was **Ron Posner** and I. In 1980, we played our first show in the backyard of a vegetarian restaurant in Texas. Through 1980 we started playing around the Texas scene with the **Big Boys**, then we recorded the first single in 1981." M.D.C. didn't stick around in Texas for long (listen to their song "Deep in the Heart of Racist Amerikkka"). "Austin was all right. We had dreams of seeing the ocean, dreams of playing to more people and just being in a bigger community. Austin 24 years ago was a great little scene but everything was preordained. There were about 43 punk bands and people considered us 39th. We had our friends; the **Dicks** always looked out for us and the Big Boys, but it was a small southern town." So they moved to San Francisco, a punk scene that was a perfect fit.

Since then, Dave has moved around; moving back to New York City where he grew up, he then lived a year in Vienna and currently lives in Portland. Through the years, Dave has kept M.D.C. together with various line-ups, but the impressive aspect now is that the band consists of all the original members. "Our guitar player, **Ron**, lives in Venezuela, **Mike Donaldson** (bass) is in Amsterdam and **Al Schultz** is in Portland. What we're going to do for the next tour is everyone will fly here in March. We're going to practice for ten days and then we'll hit the road. We get along much better now than we did back then; we're all clean off drugs!"

The newest album by M.D.C., *Magnus Dominus Corpus*, shows the band still has the guts to say what needs to be said. Dave felt that even the cover art needed to go beyond the usual. "Those are the people celebrating with the dead contractors in Iraq. It's been infuriating to watch this whole debacle go on with all these people thinking we'll be welcomed like heroes. These four schmoes think they're going to make \$300,000 in a year reaping the **Haliburton** gravy train, then find themselves strung up. The title is *Magnus Dominus Corpus - Corpses of the Ultimate Dominator*, which is a line from the Crusades. You try to have some depth to what you're doing as opposed to the shrill 'dead contractors nah nah nah!' Think of how you'd feel if you were one of the wives of these people who went over there. People are hurting for work and they're going over there. The system is set up where they want their toys and need money, and we all do. Being a single parent, I need money if I want to send my kid to school."

Dave doesn't limit the subject to politics, but questions the weakening of punk-rock with songs like *Poser Punk* and *Timmy Yo* which celebrates the founder of the radio show *Maximum Rock n' Roll* in 1977 and lambasts the weak pillars of pop-punk. "I almost wasn't going to put it on because I don't want to stir up stuff like that, then everyone seemed to like it. It's true from my heart, but you write a song like that and wonder where it might come back to bite you. What can **NOFX**,



by Frank Booth
frank@slugmag.com

Bad Religion or **Epitaph** do to me, they can't do shit. You just wish people could come to this on their own, what is one more **Warped Tour** about? Not at all, to my heart, of why I got involved in this music. I'd rather be a history teacher."

I asked him if he felt punk had to be activist-oriented. "To me, you would think so, especially after the last election. I was writing this album and feeling it, through delays, the art not coming together. It didn't come out until now. If Bush had lost, it would have been a lot more passé. But he won, so we're riding a fresh wave of angst. Some people just want to say something political. **NOFX** putting out the anti-Bush album; it's cool they came around, but a lot of these bands like **Less Than Jake** wouldn't touch politics. All the **Green Day** bands might sing one song about politics, then the rest are about girls and these-are-the-moments-of-our-lives; it's post-prom music for pretty people with blue hair. Some folks are starting to come around, and if it's punk it might as well have a little spit involved."

Some people have felt M.D.C.'s political dogma worked against them over the years. One has to understand they're not just another band talking fake political shit; it's true sincerity. "If you lived through that scene in '82, everyone was on the same page, everyone was kind of in it together, and then the political stuff split everyone apart. There were political people and then people who didn't want to hear it anymore."

M.D.C. is on **Joey** [singer for **D.O.A.**] **Shithead's** label **Sudden Death**. "I was curious how far back their relationship went, and if they might tour together. I saw Joey the first time they came through Austin in '80. We've seen them through the years and just played a couple gigs with them in England. We were thinking of crossing Canada with **D.O.A.** but then you're trying to pay for two bands, two vans, two sets of equipment and a bunch of people in their 40s. Our plan is to tour the USA for a month, then go to Brazil, then play 12 dates in the UK, take a month off and then dig back into it again. Salt Lake has always been good to us; we played that place with all the pool tables and then there was a place under the off-ramp. I remember we played at a commune-type deal and stayed with them, they were great people."

When asked how long M.D.C. will be around, Dave's responded, "I don't know. It's nice to be back with the original group. I hope we can keep it together. It'll be hard to go back to filling the gaps if people leave. I've gone full circle; I've played without the original people and I don't want to go back to that. If that were to happen, I would do a side project. But I hope M.D.C. stays together; it's been 24 years and I'll take another 24."

M.D.C. will play **Burt's** Monday Tuesday October 4. While you're there buy their new album **M.D.C. Magnus Dominus Corpus**.


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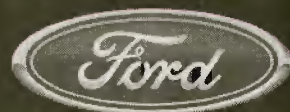
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
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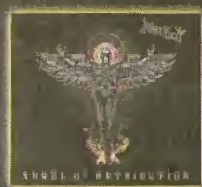
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Pantyboy. The hell hole.

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Justin Miljour Photo: S. Thompson

This is my official BMX page for *SLUG*. As you may or may not know, Salt Lake City is a huge hotbed for talent within the BMX scene, with many streets, skateparks and backyards. Countless riders make this a must-stop on their road trips. Years ago, **Fuzzy Hall** spearheaded the SLC BMX scene for us. Having single-handedly made dirt-jumping a legitimate force in BMX, he has attracted national magazines and lots of riders to come and see what Salt Lake has to offer. He is also one of the nicest people you will ever meet. If you are interested in some of Salt Lake's BMX scene or just want to see what products are for sale, go to www.5050bmx.com.

—Shawn Walters **SLUG**



**Backside Air. Adam Dyet @ Draper Park.
Photo Bob Plumb**

SLUG



Summer of Death Skate Series- The Finals

Big Dogs.

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2. Sam Hubble
3. Christian Sieraka

Special thanks to: Miles Moore & Virgil @ 2612, Gregg @ The Hawk Shop, Josh, Benny & Cal @ Milo, Dennis & Mike Brown @ Salty Peaks, Jared & Brady @ Revolution, Mike Lowder @ DC, Brad Gobdel @ Adio, Kevin Thompson, Dave Graves @ Von Zipper, Cory, Amy & Todd @ X96, Heather Parkins and the old guys for the bowl contest, Brock @ Binary, The Funk, Lost Art Tattoo, Black Chandelier, Youth City, Andy Pitts, Kim Bowerbank, Meghann Griggs, Jacob H. Christ, Mariah Mann-Mellus, Stacey Adams, Rob Packard, Bobby Ogden, The Unknown Gallery, Kali Mellus, Tyler Froburn and everyone who entered.

STAG

Kickflip for Jesus? Separation of Church and Skate, Please.

By Mike Brown
Mikebrown048@hotmail.com

Christianity seems to infiltrate youth culture in the strangest ways. As soon as the Born Agains get a whiff of what the hip kids are doin', all of a sudden Jesus is doing it too. Honestly, I haven't really read the Bible cover-to-cover, but I don't think there was one fucking skateboard in there. And I'm sure if Jesus wanted to, he could do a wicked awesome switch kickflip Smith down a 12 (that's skater talk), but I don't think he would. It's hard to skate in sandals.

Just like **Tooth and Nail**, the Christian punk-rock label, Born Agains are taking the same road to convince kids that they are eternally fucked if they don't give their lives up for Jesus. You can still skateboard; you just have to pray that you'll land your tricks. You also have to skateboard for Jesus. Which I don't understand. I understand liking Jesus; lots of people like the dude. But why does someone now have to do a physical activity for the guy? Going to church can be hard enough. Besides, I can't think of any Christian basketball teams.

I know that the whole born-again Christian skateboard thing isn't too prevalent around these parts. The Born Agains are probably afraid of the local competition. I don't think I have to mention what that is. But I do know a lot of Mormon skaters, and none of them will admit to riding their skateboard to gain a stronger testimony. They usually skate for the same reason I do, for fun.

Ok, so here's where the shit gets creepy. **Billy Baldwin** – yes, Billy Baldwin – is running an organization dedicated to producing videos and putting on demos of Christian Skateboarders and BMXers. He released a really shitty video called *Living It*, which I have not seen, but have been informed that it is disgustingly horrible. I heard his extreme video is worse than *Bio Dome*, if that's even possible.

Apparently, the Baldwin brother with the most recessive genes is hell-bent on spreading the

word of God and Jesus via the extreme market. It reminds me of what **Hank Hill** said about Christian rock, and the same thing applies to Christian skateboarding: "Can't you see that you're not making Christianity better? You're just making skateboarding worse."

Billy Baldwin's organization is funded by a guy named **Luis Palau**. Luis Palau is a youth minister who actually has strong connections to the Bush administration. When the president decides how to fuck a certain country, sometimes Luis Palau is praying right along side him. Luis Palau is a scary, scary man. The fact that he's connected to one of the world's most notorious and dangerous organized crime syndicates (the Bush Administration) makes my bowels dance in unpleasant ways. At Luis Palau and Billy Baldwin's skateboard sermons, Luis is often quick

to talk about his gay little brother and how he died of AIDS and how that's what God wanted – so much for being a Wet Boy.

I guess the thing that bothers me the most about this sort of movement is that these Born Again extreme-monkeys haven't really done anything to get skateboarding where it is today. **ESPN** and **Nike** float in the same boat. They didn't do shit for skateboarding when no one cared about it.

Skateboarding, as a whole, has gone in waves as far as its popularity is concerned. Right now is probably the biggest wave skateboarding has ever seen. So where were the Born Agains when no one gave a shit about skating? If no one gave a shit about skateboards right now, would they be trying to do what they are doing? I think the answer is a great big "Fuck no."

Another reason why skateboarding, or doing any physical activity, for Jesus, makes no sense to me is that a lot of people can't do certain physical activities. Like people in wheelchairs.

They physically cannot skateboard for Christ so does that mean that they go to hell? What's the message you're trying to send to the kids? That God hates people in wheelchairs and people in third-world countries who don't have paved roads to skateboard on, anyway?

I have no problem with someone wanting to be a born-again Christian. In America, we can believe whatever the fuck we want, no matter how stupid it is. I just don't want to see skateboarding pigeonholed with any organization of any sort. One of the most beautiful things about skateboarding is how it breaks down barriers between different types of people. The goofy Mormon kid and the idiot wastoid kid have something to share with each other because of skateboarding. So do the tight-pantsed Hesh guy and the big t-shirt fresh guy. You can find them all skateboarding together, for the most part, in a weird sort of harmony.

A Christian skateboard movement will only harm that. Don't let it happen.

Broadie Says ...

1. Broadie Hammers officially has a Myspace account.
2. Powell Skateboards recently dropped Oliver and replaced him with Sam Hubble. What's the lesson here to all young skaters? Don't get any older.
3. Little Brandon Ageyou's mom is crazy and needs to stop living her life vicariously through her young son's skateboarding talent. Shame on her for bitching out Rob Packard at the last **Summer of Death**.
4. Some dude named Keaton is making a video called *Bow2gis*, or something like that. He says he's got 20 spots locked down that no one else knows about.
5. Salty Peaks might have some west-side love via some kid named Collin.
6. Kordel's knee doesn't hurt so much this month.
7. The **Summer of Death** is finally over. SLUG staff can now proceed getting drunker than usual.
8. With all the 'Lil Buddies returning to school skateparks are once again fun. At least until about 3:30 P.M.
9. Send hate mail to: broadiehammers@slugmag.com

SLUG



Suicide

A Crappy Troma Movie

By Mike Brown

This movie was supposed to be scary and disturbing. Well, it's not. It's about as scary and disturbing as a box of well-nourished puppy dogs. I thought it was going to make me be all, "Dude, I saw *Kill Bill* like, five times and thought I could handle violence in movies, but this is too much!" Instead it made me be all, "Dude, I saw *Kill Bill* like five times."

This movie is about a German couple who start a website that films people killing themselves. It's filmed in that *Blair Witch* car-sickness fashion to try to give it a realistic effect. Instead, it's not very gore and the acting is just bad. There's even one part where a guy is slitting his wrists and he slits them the wrong way! So much for realistic. I mean, come on, everyone knows that if you slit your wrists, you go the long way, up your arm and not across, or else you won't hit any veins. Duh!

Another thing about the movie that I didn't like was the subtitles.

**THERE'S EVEN ONE
PART WHERE A GUY IS
SLITTING HIS WRISTS
AND HE SLITS THEM
THE WRONG WAY! SO
MUCH FOR REALISTIC.**



Normally, I don't mind reading a movie, but since I was under the impression this movie would be super fucked-up, so I also got super fucked-up. Just to be on par with the movie, of course. This made reading the movie a bit of a challenge, and to make it worse, they were speaking German. God, I hate the French.

On the DVD box of this movie, it says how sick and demented the ways these people kill themselves are. But they're not. They're normal ways to kill yourself.

I would have been much more satisfied if this movie was about lemmings. Lemmings are those little creatures that commit mass suicide and I'm not sure why. Like, what if this German couple set up a website where lemmings could e-mail them and be like, "Dudes, a bunch of us are going to walk off this cliff tomorrow and you guys are welcome to come film it. But since we are lemmings and that's what we do, it's not that big of a deal."

Well, this movie wasn't that big of a deal, either. If you are truly sick enough in the brain that you want to see people dying, skip this movie and rent *Faces of Death* or just log on to the good ol' Internet. If you like crappy movies, then rent this movie. It's right next to the new *Lizzy McGuire* section at **Hollywood Video**. **SLUG**

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BELLYOGRAPHY: RAVENSTONE WILLOWBEND

BY AJTARA

THERE are many "stars" in our belly dance community, and not all of them perform solos on the stage. One of these amazing women is Ravenstone Willowbend—a lady I have come to love and admire for her intelligence, humor, and dedication. Not only a dancer, Ravenstone is someone who helps keep our community evolving, whether through the chat line, costume swaps, or attending every belly dance event she can. This article is written in gratitude to Ravenstone Willowbend and all the other people who work diligently behind the curtains to keep our belly dance community in Utah alive and healthy.

A native of Utah, Ravenstone grew up near the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon, riding horses and wandering through the mountains. As an adult, she discovered a fascination with Middle Eastern dance, and attended every hour of the Belly Dance Festival for many years. In 1998, at the *Grecian Gardens*, she saw **Thia** perform. It was a pivotal moment for her, and Ravenstone began taking classes with Thia in September 1998. This will be Ravenstone's eighth year with Thia, and her fourth year with the dance troupe, **Wisteria**.

"Thia is such a wonderful teacher and person. She provides many opportunities for us to dance. We have performed all over Salt Lake City, in Wendover, at Spring Fest and every year at the *Belly Dance Festival*."

Most people stop there, but Ravenstone is not most people. She became the owner/moderator of the Utah Belly Dance chat group a few years ago. She is the "mom" that keeps everyone on topic

and monitors a place where dancers can share costuming, recipes, poetry, and accolades.

"Middle Eastern dancing opens up an entire culture. I became fascinated with the foods, music, literature, and fabrics. Americans romanticize the history and take what they think is the best of the Middle East. American belly dancers can incorporate the best of their culture as long as you research the history and know when the line is being crossed. It is like fusion dance—you ought to know what you are fusing. As American dancers, we can do things that dancers can't do in the Middle Eastern countries. Not only that, but American audiences demand it, good or bad!"

Ravenstone's other credits include organizing the costume swap several times a year, photographing dancers along with her husband, Dave, who also teaches drumming, participating in events with the Society for Creative Anachronism, and sewing her own costumes, which, she explains, "I sew by Zen out of self defense."

A practicing pagan, sacred dance is very dear to Ravenstone's heart. She performs and offers workshops through the *Church of the Sacred Circle*. Ravenstone will be dancing at the benefit concert/masquerade ball featuring **Stonecircle**, October 29th, at the *Hale Theatre*. Public invited. Ticket information at www.sacredcirclechurch.com.

Ravenstone and Wysteria will be dancing at *Meeting of the Tribes*, *Spring Fest*, and the *Belly Dance Festival*, or chat with her online at utbd@yahoo.com.


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Gallery stroll ART The Partners Program:

By
Mariah
Mann
Mellus

mariah@slugmag.com

I believe myself to be an "art lover." I hold this title only because I cannot, by any means, refer to myself as an artist. I attend the monthly Gallery Stroll, held on every third Friday, like a ritual, hoping to suck up some of that creativity—but when the paints come out, I always draw a blank. Motivation is only one problem artists face, along with the right techniques and time. It's a wonder we have so many talented artists in Utah. Then it occurred to me: "art breeds art." The opportunities to be mentored, along with a good dose of inspiration, are everywhere—especially in Utah.

The Partners Program, sponsored by Art Access, pairs up aspiring adult artists with disabilities with a professional local artist for a one-on-one mentoring program. These partnerships prove to be a life-changing experience for all involved. One of the said partnerships in 2003 placed **Vojko Rizvanovic**, aspiring artist, with University of Utah Art Professor **Sam Wilson**. Vojko was attending the University of Utah after surviving the war in Yugoslavia and requested Sam for his partnership. The war had taken Vojko's sight and irreconcilably damaged his limbs, but his focus on becoming an artist has never wavered. paintings emerged despite the he faces in even the most basic scenarios. Rizvanovic's work engages the viewer with the sheer gravity of what Vojko must conquer every time he walks up to his four-story apartment. Vojko's determination to be an artist has won him the respect of his fellow students and teachers with whom he would like to call colleagues someday. His goal is closer than ever now that he has been accepted into the Education Department at the University.



His physical challenges
The Partners Redux, featuring Vojko and Wilson, is a recreation of that first alliance between mentor and prodigy. The Partners Redux show will be on display in the Art Access front gallery from **October 21** until **November 11** at 339 West Pierpont Avenue.

While drive is important to reach any goal, education is essential. The avenues of education seem boundless in Utah. Many enroll in the more traditional forms of education, like universities or community groups, but finding an artist you want to learn from is priceless. A great example is artist **Chris Miles**, a highly credible Utah artist, who offers introductory classes in painting and illustration. Starting October 8 and running Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. for eight sessions, aspiring artists can learn the fundamentals of color, drawing, and painting—advancing the lessons as the individual class progresses. For more information on the curriculum, or to enroll, contact Chris Miles at chris@chrismiles.net

The arts can be awe-inspiring and humbling, but also accessible. Support local art, artisan and venues: they're a part of all of us! **SLUG**

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 Sat. Oct. 29: **EXODUS** w/ 3 Inches Of Blood, Crisis,
 Watch Them Die, Flesh Peddler & Kill Syndicate



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- 10/27 Don't miss the Roast of Todd Mckinnley
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Less Than Never



- 9/30 Union of the snake w/Crephiny
- 10/1 Ken Critchfield's Ceraphin w/ Ray Gun Sound
- 10/4 The 6s and 7s and Brian Kenny Fresno
- 10/7 Katrina Benefit The Adonis, The Annuals, Bronco, Glade. All
 Proceeds to to The Red Cross
- 10/8 Glacial, Vile Blue Shades
- 10/11 6s and 7s Jeremiah Maxy
- 10/14 Rodeo Boys, JW Blackout
- 10/15 The Lone Rangers

10/21 SLUG Mag and Sony Music present: FREE SWAG!
 Music giveaways from FRANZ FERDINAND and others!
 Local Bands: Less than Never, 50 ways to leave your lover. \$5
 Also- Featuring the Visual Art of Cameron Waters

- 10/18 6's and 7's w/Layna
- 10/20 I am Electric w/ Fucking Orange
- 10/21 SLUG Mag and Sony Music present: FREE SWAG!
 Music giveaways from FRANZ FERDINAND and others! W/
 Locals Bands: Less than Never, 50 ways to leave your lover.
- 10/22 The Breaks, Ether Orchestra
- 10/28 The New Transit Direction, The Fallen
- 10/29 Costume Party w/ The Addonis, TBA



THE DAILY CALENDAR

SUBMISSIONS ARE DUE BY THE 25TH OF PREVIOUS MONTH.
SEND TO DICKHEADS@SLUGMAG.COM OR DIE.

Friday, September 30

Seve Vs. Evan, Slender Means, The Awkward Fashion—*Kilby*
Everytime I Die, High On Fire, The Chariot, The Red Chord—*Lo-Fi*
Twiztid—*In The Venue*
Tolchock Trio, Mushroom—*Urban*
Union of the Snake, Crephiny—*Todds*
School of Rock-AC/DC Show—*Circuit*
Deadbeats—*Monks*
BarnDogs Fucking Birthday...featuring: Form Of Rocket and The New Transit Direction—*Burts*
Cherem, Lahar—*Wild Mushroom*
Union of the Snake, Docking Stygian Shores, Yesterday's Dream, Cartl—*Steamer's Coffee Shop*
Gary Hoey—*Club Vegas*
Hooga, Frustration Gripp—*Coyotz*

Saturday, October 1

Jeff Fogi's Birthday—*Wendover*
Shame Lady, Remember The Tragedy, Gaza, Maqsood—*Lo-Fi*
Tamaras—*Modgiggity's*
The Plus Ones, The Brobecks, In Camera, Return To Sender, The New Transit Direction—*Kilby*
Union of the Snake, ShameLady, Art of Kanyl—*Brewskies*
Project 86, Spoken, Number One Gun, Mourning September—*In The Venue*
3 Inches Of Blood, Blood Of The Prophets, Clifton—*Club Boom Va*
Hypnogaja, Signal, Absent Minded—*Club Vegas*
Idiocracy, Emotional Wreck—*Hard Rock Café*
Even Lower, Skint, Bloodworm—*Burt's*
Debbie Graham—*Urban*
Earth Jam—*Liberty Park*
Ken Critchfield's Ceraphin w/ Ray Gun Sound—*Todd's*

Sunday, October 2

Spanky Van Dyke, The Double, John Vanderslice—*Kilby*
Red Bennies, Smashy Smashy, Old Time Religion—*Urban*

Monday, October 3

Emery, Gatsby's American Dream, Gym Class Heroes, As Cities Burn—*Lo-Fi*
The Heavenly States—*Urban*
John Vanderslice, The Double, Spanky Van Dyke—*Kilby*
Dark Star Orchestra—*Velvet Room*

Tuesday, October 4

MDC, Life Crisis, All Systems Fail—*Burt's*
Vote for City Council—*Poll Station*
Myspace Hotel Café Tour: Butch Walker, Carey Bros—*Urban*
Glasseater, Scary Kids Scaring Kids, Secret Lives Of The Free Masons, The Audition, Offered No Escape, Glacial—*Lo-Fi*
The Exploited, Resilience—*In The Venue*
Butch Walker, Carey Brothers, Imogen Heap, Jim Blomgren—*Urban*
Throne, Rookie of the Year, The Track Record—*Hard Rock Café*
Southernly, Death Warmed Over, Some By Sea, Palomino—*Kilby*
'Da Funk & Reggae Show—*The Circuit*
The 6s and 7s, Brian Kenny Fresno—*Todd's*

Wednesday, October 5

The Black Dahlia Murder, Between The Buried And Me, Cephalic Carnage, Into The Moat—*Lo-Fi*
Eric McFadden—*Urban*
Taught Me, The Annals, Tolchock Trio—*Kilby*
Impaled, Disorged, Blessing of the Hogs, Necrophicus—*Club Vegas*
Waking Ashland, The Audition—*Club Boom Va*

Thursday, October 6

Throne—*Hard Rock Café*
Losa, The Absence, The Classic Struggle, 400 Blows—*Club Vegas*
Cannery Hours, Acid Mothers Temple—*Egos*
Gratitude—*In The Venue*
Katrina Fundraiser Show featuring 3.2 Improv, Laughing Stock, and Jokyr and Jessier—*Off Broadway Theater*

Friday, October 7

Briertone, The Stiletto Formal, Paris Green, Sparrows Gate, The Day After—*Lo-Fi*
Death Cap For Cutie, Youth Group—*In The Venue*
Curtis Jensen Book Release Party w/ Vile Blue Shades, Guitorchestra—*Urban*
Terra Naomi, Erin Haley, Lauren Wood, Eliza Wren and the Jewell Thieves—*Kilby*
Krokus, Aerial, 5th Moon Rising—*Club Vegas*
Clifton, The New Transit Direction, I Am The Ocean, Her Ruln, Forget the Past—*Club Boom Va*
Stormy, J.W. Blackout, The Pleasure Thieves—*Burt's*
Katrina Benefit featuring: The Adonis, The Annals, Bronco, Glade—*Todd's*

Saturday, October 8

The Toasters, Mustard Plug, Go Jimmy Go, Top Of The Playground—*Lo-Fi*
Iron Maiden Tribute Band—*Burt's*
Demigods, Self Expression—*Urban*
Coheed and Cambria, The Blood Brothers, Dredg, Me Without You—*Saltair*
Make Believe, Bird Show, Cowboys Aren't Indians, Paper Cranes—*Kilby*
Sister Wives—*Hog Wallow*
Glacial, Vile Blue Shades—*Todd's*

Sunday, October 9

Love=Death, Fail To Follow, Hi-Fi Murder, Lamer Face—*Lo-Fi*

Monday, October 10

The Robot Ate Me, The Gift Machine, Nate Ashley, The Grizzly Prospector—*Kilby*
The Medication—*Urban*
DJ Curtis Strange—*Burts*

Tuesday, October 11

Against Me, The Epoxies, Smoke Or Fire, The Soviettes—*Lo-Fi*
Michale Graves Band, Left For Dead, Die Monster Die—*Burts*
The Alkaholics, W. Stylitzik Jones, La Symphony, Quettie Daddy—*The Velvet Room*
Fletcher Booth's B-day—*Bonnevillians' Hideout*
6s and 7s, Jeremiah Maxy—*Todd's*

Wednesday, October 12

Your Horrible Smile, Primary Element, Pennies for Beggars—*Ironic Ashes*
Parts and Labor, Life by Accident—*Kilby*
"Creative Differences" and "Ante Bellum"
Snowboard video premieres 7pm—*Tower Theatre*
South Austin Jug Band—*Urban*
Mindless Self Indulgence, Suicide City—*Lo-Fi*
Lamer Face, Maqsood, A Pleasant Nightmare, Dead In My Eyes—*The Circuit*

Thursday, October 13

Bloodhound Gang, From Satellite, Alien Ant Farm, Electric Feel Shock, Program The Dead—*In The Venue*
Medicine Circus—*Urban*
Southbound—*Club Vegas*
The Black Crowes—*Saltair*
Fifty Ways To Leave Your Lover, O Discordia, TBA—*Kilby*
Books About UFOs, The Sound of Urchin, The Breaks—*Monks*

Friday, October 14

Mother City, Dark White—*Kilby*
SLUG Localized w/ Urie Circle, Twilight Transmission, Die Monster Die—*Urban*
Oranger, The Posies—*Velvet Room*
Hellbats & Pagan Dead—*Club Vegas*
Eight Fingers Down—*Burt's*
The Cruxshadows, Ego Likeness, Redemption—*Area 51*
Rodeo Boys, JW Blackout—*Todd's*

Saturday, October 15

Daniel Lanois—*Club Suede*
Copeland, Daphne Loves Derby, Melee, The Spill Canvas—*Lo-Fi*
Wicked Diamond—*Club Vegas*
Dead Beat—*Urban*
The Dollyrots, Whiskey's Wake, Bison, Quiet Colors—*Kilby*
Ferenecy, Pennies For Beggars—*The Big Easy*
The Wolfs, All Systems Fail, Spork—*Burt's*
The Lone Rangers—*Todd's*

Sunday, October 16

The Annals, The Gunshy—*Urban*
Throwrag, Gogol Bordello, Scotch Green—*Lo-Fi*

Monday, October 17

Opeth, Pelican—*Lo-Fi*
Kayo Dot, Gaza, Pilot This Plane Down, Tear—*Kilby*
The Genitorturers and Zeke w/ Thunderlist and Die Monster Die—*Club Vegas*
DJ Curtis Strange, Even Lower—*Burt's*

Tuesday, October 18

Coretta Scott, After, Her Candane—*Lo-Fi*
E-Craft, Terrorfakt, Mono No Aware—*Club Vegas*
Ray Scott, Randy Travis—*Kingsbury Hall*
Mercy Stone—*Burt's*
Lucero, Blackpool Lights, Decibully—*Kilby*
6s and 7s w/ Layna—*Todd's*

Wednesday, October 19

Horrorpops, Roger Mire, Left Alone—*Lo-Fi*
Sage Francis, Sole—*In The Venue*
Reaper EP Release, Planit—*Urban*
The Dead Pets—*Burt's*
Underoath, Thrice, The Bled—*In The Venue*
Bleed the Dream, A Change of Pace, Roses Are Red—*Club Boom Va*
Melissa Ferrick, Natalia Zukerman—*The Velvet Room*
Terrorfakt, E-Craft, Mono No Aware—*Club Vegas*
Lucero, Blackpool Lights, Decibully—*Kilby*

Thursday, October 20

The United States of Electronica, The Divorce—*Urban*
Dios—*Halo*
Applesced Cast, Minus Story, Remember the Tragedy—*Kilby*
I am Electric w/ Fucking Orange—*Todd's*

Friday, October 21

Criteria, Ris Paul Ric, Middle Distance, Paris Green—*Kilby*
Purr Bats CD release party—*Urban*
The Contingency Plan, The Meg and Dia Band, Ayrton, The Yearbook—*Lo-Fi*
Yoatly Micltan, Morbogiedad, All Systems Fail—*Club Vegas*
Clifton, Day Two, Chaldeon—*The Circuit*
Little Sap Dungeon, Boundless, Twilight Transmissions, The Convention—*The Murray Theatre*
Gooding—*Egos*
Skint, P.M.S.—*Burt's*
SLUG And Sony Music Present "New Music Listening Party" Featuring:
Less Than Never, Fifty Ways To Leave Your Lover—*Todd's*

Saturday, October 22

Glacial, The Novelist, Airliner, Fleet Streak—*Kilby*
Adversp CD Release Party, Mind State—*Urban*
The Rodeo Boys—*Burt's*
The Brakes, Ether Orchestra—*Todd's*

Sunday, October 23

Get Your Halloween Costume Ready!—*Your House*

Monday, October 24

Paint By Numbers, Still Life Projector, The Higher, Nural—*Club Boom Va*
Say Hi To Your Mom, Micah Dahl—*Kilby*
Iron And Wine, Calxico—*In The Venue*

Tuesday, October 25

The Juliana Theory, Jamison Parker, June, The Fury—*Lo-Fi*
Flesh and Blood, Robot, Texas Is on Fire—*Club Vegas*
Court And Spark, Coastal—*Kilby*
Mae—*Saltair*

Wednesday, October 26

The Accidental Experiment, Abysmal Abattior, Presence—*Club Vegas*
Cabaret Voltage—*Urban*
Broken Spindles, TBA—*Kilby*
Anthrax—*E Center*
Anna Nalik—*In The Venue*

Thursday, October 27

Low Skies—*Urban*
The Red Death, Embrace The End—*Club Vegas*

Friday, October 28

Southbound—*Club Vegas*
Jinga Boa—*Urban*
Saxon Shore, The Very Hush Hush, Gift Anon, Smashy Smashy—*Kilby*
The New Transit Direction, The Fallen—*Todd's*
Monster Mash Featuring: Sindolor, the Red Line, Muchador, Oxido Republica—*Lo-Fi*

Saturday, October 29

In Camera, Larusso, 3% Hero, Three others TBA—*Kilby*
Halloween Spectacular: Captured by Robots, Stormy, Red Bennies, The Wolfs—*Urban*
Exodus, 3 Inches of Blood, Crisis, Watch Them Die, Flesh Peddler—*Club Vegas*
Kottonmouth Kings—*In The Venue*
Die Monster Die, Left For Dead, Thunderlist—*Burt's*
Costume Party w/ The Addonis—*Todd's*
Halloween COSTUME PARTY—*Room 32*

Sunday, October 30

Daylight Savings Time begins in the United States at 2 A.M. on the first Sunday in April. Time reverts back at 2 A.M. on the last Sunday of October.

Monday, October 31

Kan Nal—*TBA*
DJ Curtis Strange—*Burt's*

Tuesday, November 1

My Morning Jacket, Saul Williams—*In The Venue*
Numbers, Agape, Paper Cranes—*Kilby*

Wednesday, November 2

Rob Thomas, Antigone Rising—*E Center*
Why?, Aquaduct, Tolchock Trio—*Kilby*

Thursday, November 3

The Blitz, Total Chaos, Endless Struggle—*Lo-Fi*

Friday, November 4

Pick Up The New SLUG—*Any Place Cool*
The Briefs, Clit 45—*Lo-Fi* **SLUG**

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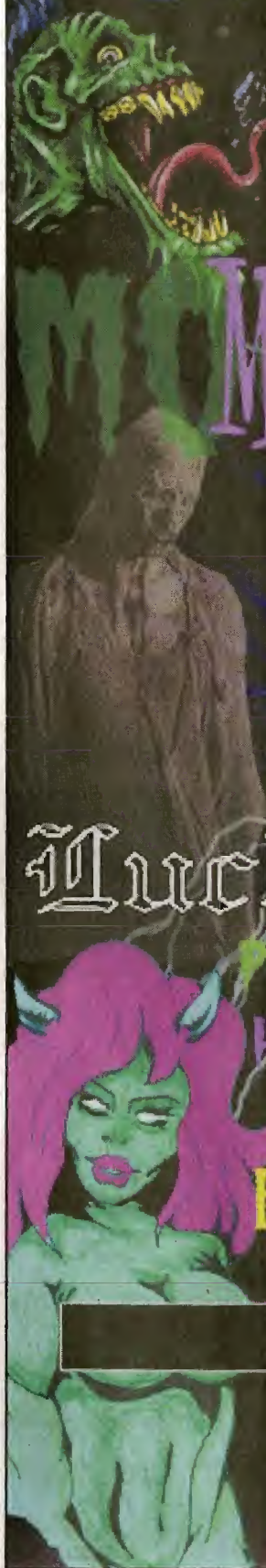
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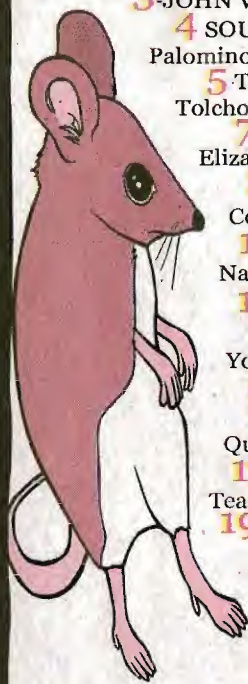
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OCTOBER! ♥ Kilby Court Calendar ♥



- 1 - The New Transit Direction, The Brobecks, Return to Sender, InCamera, THE PLUS ONES
- 3 - JOHN VANDERSLICE, THE DOUBLE, Spanky Van Dyke
- 4 SOUTHERLY, SOME BY SEA
Palomino, Death Warmed Over
- 5 TaughtMe CD Rls- The Annuals,
Tolchock Trio
- 7 TERRA NAOMI, Lauren Wood, Erin Haley
Eliza Wren and the Jewell Thieves
- 8 MAKE BELIEVE, BIRD SHOW
Cowboy's aren't Indians, Paper Cranes
- 10 THE ROBOT ATE ME, GIFT MACHINE;
Nate Ashley, The Grizzly Prospector
- 12 PARTS AND LABOR, Life By Accident
- 13 LOCAL SHOW- Fifty Ways to Leave
Your Lover, O Discordia, TBA
- 14 LOCAL SHOW- MotherCity, Dark White, TBA
- 15 THE DOLLYROTS, Whiskey's Wake, Bison
Quiet Color
- 17 KAYO DOT, Gaza, Pilot This Plane Down,
Tear
- 19 LUCERO, BLACKPOOL LIGHTS, DECIBULLY
- 20 APPLESEED CAST, MINUS STORY
Remember the Tragedy
- 21 CRITERIA, RIS PAUL RIC,
The Middle Distance, Paris Green
- 22 LOCAL SHOW- Glacial, The Novelists
Airliner, Fleet Streak
- 24 SAY HI TO YOUR MOM, MICAH DAHL
TBA
- 25 COURT AND SPARK, Coastal, TBA
- 26 BROKEN SPINDLES, TBA
- 28 SAXON SHORE, THE VERY HUSH
HUSH, Gift Anon, Smashy Smashy
- 29 HALLOWEEN SHOW: InCamera, Larusso
3% Hero, Three others TBA
- 1 NUMBERS, Agape, Paper Cranes
- 2 WHY?, AQUADUCT, Tolchock Trio
- 4 DARCI CASH, O Discordia, Streetlight
Silhouette, A Solemn Tribute
- 5 31 KNOTS, POWERCORDS
Declaration

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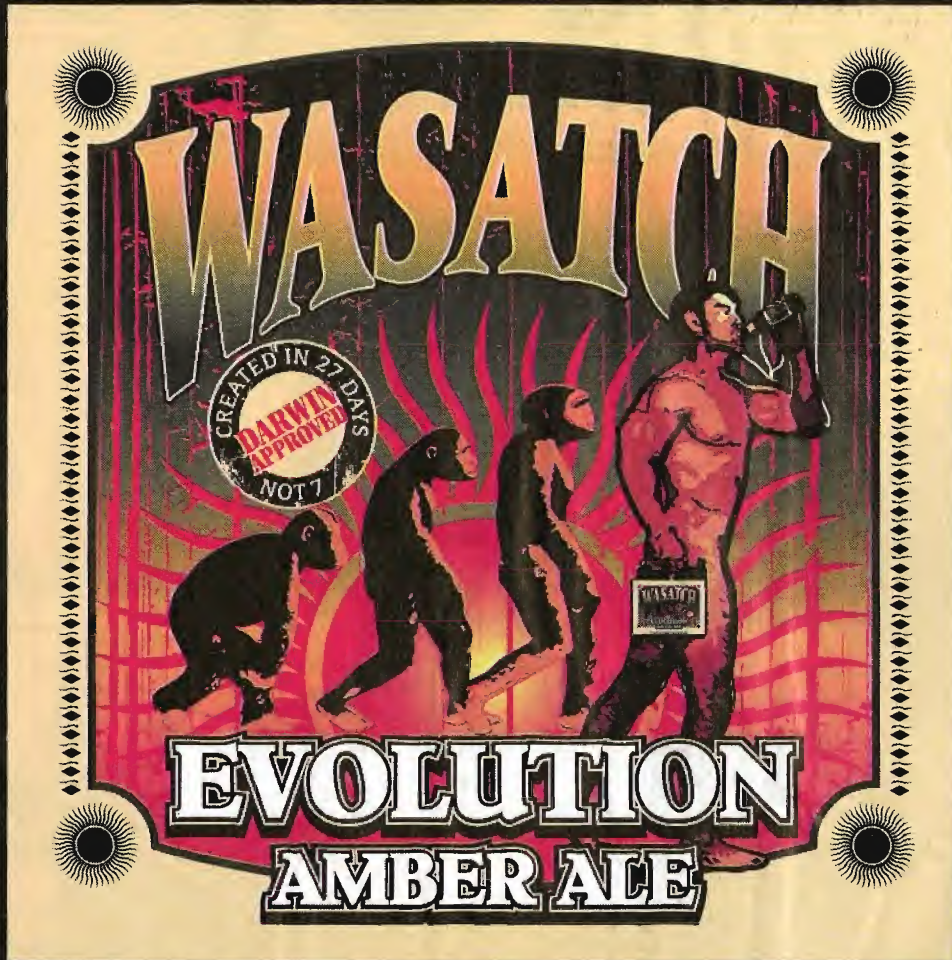


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